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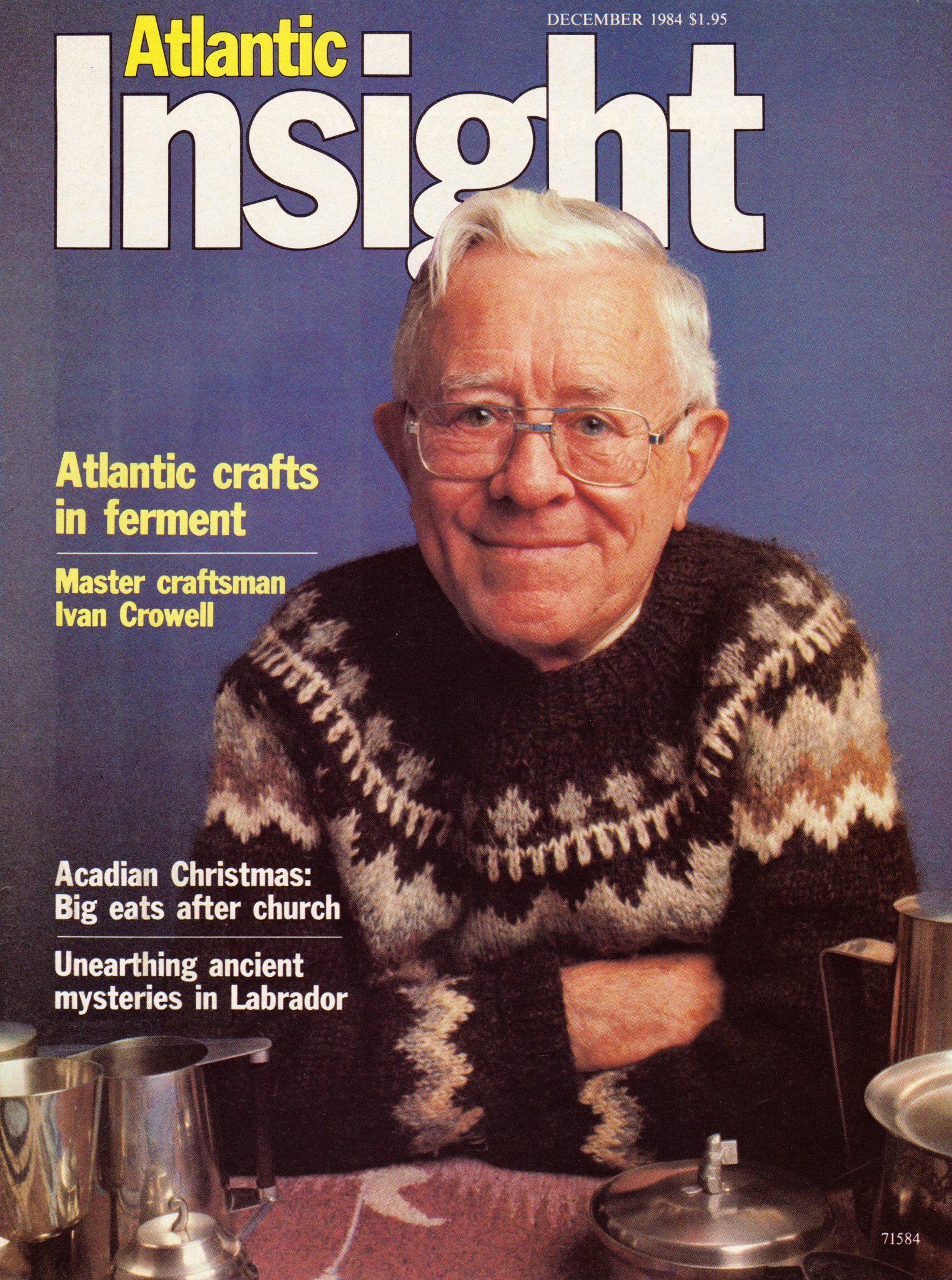

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DECEMBER 1984 Vol. 6 No. 12

COVER STORY

Burdened by a sluggish economy, crafts people in Atlantic Canada are struggling to reconcile the differences between their artistic virtues and the commercialism they must embrace to survive. Emerging is a new kind of artist who combines creativity with a finely honed business sense. **PAGE 16**

COVER PHOTO BY DON JOHNSON

ARCHAEOLOGY

One of the most dramatic clashes in North American prehistory occurred in Labrador 4,000 years ago when two races met and discovered they were competing for the same resources. After several hundred years, they both disappeared. Now archaeologists are trying to solve the mystery. **PAGE 27**

TRAVEL

A heart-warming, never-to-be-forgotten encounter with two poor Mexican children and their family helps a Canadian who is away from home at Christmas rediscover the true spirit of the festive season. Feliz Navidad. **PAGE 33**

FOOD

Many Acadian dishes get their incomparable flavor from the addition of a strong mixture of salted onions. Clara Deveau recalls chopping for days to get enough salted onions stocked for winter meals — like the rappie pie traditionally served at Christmas. **PAGE 36**

FEATURES:

Oceans 14
Airlines 23
Education 40
Book Excerpt 48
Folks 50

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Letter 3
Feedback 5
New Brunswick 7
Nova Scotia 8
Prince Edward Island 11
Newfoundland and Labrador 13
Ralph Surette's column 31
Harry Bruce's column 39
Calendar of events 41
Strictly business 44
Ray Guy's column 52

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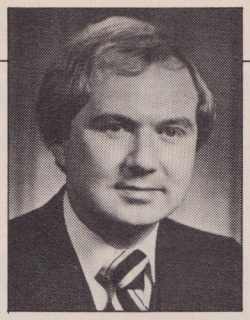


What, you still haven't finished your Christmas shopping?

This month's cover story on the state of the crafts business in Atlantic Canada comes at a most appropriate time.

While we are not trying to promote crafts items as Christmas gifts for everyone on your list (we can think of two other items closer to our hearts, you're reading one of them); there is much to be said for giving locally- and regionally-produced crafts items.

Perhaps most important is that you are giving something that is truly unique. Unfortunately that argument will not be received with much favor by the younger people whose tastes and demands seem to be created by peer group pressure via TV.

True crafts items are usually very good value, and may even appreciate over the years. A thought for the receiver rather than the donor.

But we feel it equally important that giving crafts means giving support to genuinely regional enterprise, and encouraging what could easily become an endangered occupation.

You may be surprised to know that the crafts business in Atlantic Canada is worth about $20 million a year, and that as many as 6,000 men and women are employed at it sometime or other during their good years. But it is a business that faces many of the problems common to all small enterprises. The slow economy has meant a lessening of demand for many craft products. Changing tastes have killed some items, and many crafts people have been badly hurt by rising costs for materials and labor.

And looming on the horizon is the growing problem of manufactured "crafts" from Japan and Korea. Technological progress has improved manufacturing techniques to the point where some products can be given a touch of "individuality" by machine, computer-controlled of course.

Frankly, and for all kinds of reasons, we would hate to see the death of the true crafts business, with dedicated and highly creative men and women forced to abandon their chosen fields. But as Ralph Surette points out, "the gentle art" is definitely under the gun.

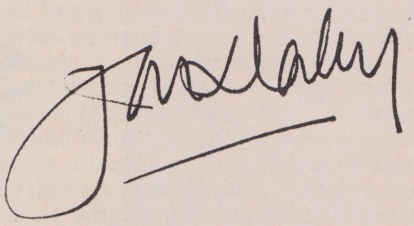
We remain optimistic. There is always a demand for quality. There will always be people ready to support (meaning buy) true crafts. There will always be a level of society or a branch of government determined to sustain the crafts function. And this is as it should be, for these crafts pursuits are an important and integral part of our cultural heritage.

Come to think of it, who could really despair when there are still giants among us? Crafts giants of the stature of Ivan Crowell and other such men and women. Long may they flourish, and prosper.

Whatever happened to 1984?

Here we are at the end of another year. For us, a year of challenge, frustration, and very hard work by some dedicated people. We hope, as always, that you appreciate our efforts and that you always remember that *Atlantic Insight* is your magazine. We need your comments and criticisms.

We have high hopes for 1985, and in offering you our best wishes for the season, we also most sincerely wish for each and every one of us a peaceful and prosperous new year.



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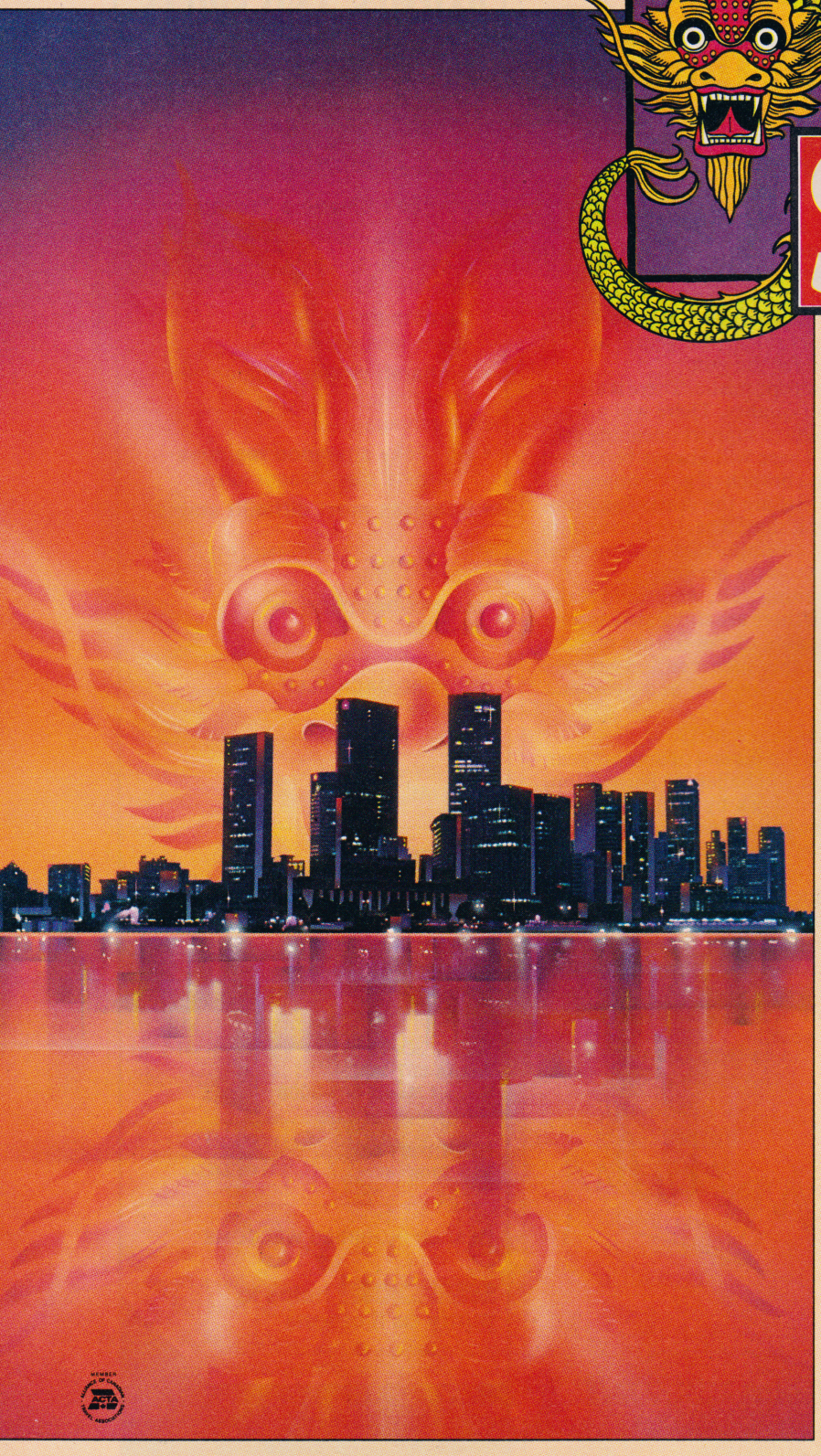

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FEEDBACK

Tilting at windmills

Ray Guy's article "The Life and Times of Witch Hunt Willie" (July, 1984) is lamentable. Guy, that illustrious witch-hunter of the Smallwood era, is reduced to a Don Quixote tilting at windmills. It is the fate of many a lesser columnist when the pickings for scandal grow slim. Everything from artistic plums to gas-station hold-ups connected to an awkward boy's puberty in a link that would puzzle even Freud! But the real crime is this — what would Guy have the Tories do? Sign an offshore deal that would prove to mainlanders we really aren't too uppity — a bellyful here and we'll get through to the next depression? Perhaps the calmness and reason worn by the new Alfie are not so much the signs of a Lady Macbeth lurking in the background as the fitting garb for an emissary to the mainland who must convince our drab cousins — once again — that we are not all green and greedy. Sell-outs may make interesting times — for writers!

Michael Taylor
Brigus, Newfoundland

Adding to federal deficit

The solar heating program described in September is a perfect example of why the federal deficit is so large. The taxpayer will pay $2,400 of the $3,200 total cost of a supplementary hot water heating system. The interest cost on the money will surely be greater than the total annual heating cost using just the primary system! What kind of nonsense is this? What happens when there is a heavy snowfall at night? Perhaps the conventional hot water heater will be used to heat the water in the solar system to help melt the snow. Next we will be asked to subsidize the purchase of new gas-efficient cars for everybody driving old, less efficient cars. Surely there are better investments to be made with taxpayers' money.

Stanton T. Friedman
Fredericton, N.B.

For shame *Atlantic Insight*

How clever of you to print Heather Laskey's delightful sunshine sketch of 1934 Baddeck ("Small Towns," September, 1984). Why not have Ms. Laskey return to do a sketch of 1984 Baddeck. It is now a far more delightful CANADIAN village where there are fewer American millionaires and where hardly any local women would "consider it an honor . . . despite their modest wages . . . to cook and clean at the Bell houses." Shame on you *Atlantic Insight*!

M. J. MacDonald
Baddeck, N.S.

Baddeck article gross misrepresentation

Pertaining to your magazine's article, "A quiet, well-heeled existence," which was printed in the September, 1984, issue: My brother and I were quite amused to read Ms. Laskey's commentary portraying the people of Baddeck as a gaggle of peasants who bow in feudal subservience to Alexander Bell's ancestors. The residents of Baddeck treat those who summer on Beinn Bhreagh with no greater courtesy and respect than they reserve for anyone else. Regardless of the presence of Mr. Bell's descendants, Baddeck is a fine summer yachting area that attracts people from all over the world. Ms. Laskey's article is a gross misrepresentation of the relationship between Dr. Bell's ancestors and the people of Baddeck.

Morgan & Carter Duschesne
Baddeck, N.S.

Not puppets for American elite

The following is in reference to a recent article entitled "A quiet, well-heeled existence," dealing with the residents of Baddeck, Cape Breton. The author's portrayal of the residents who so tactfully "know their place" not only angers me but shows her obvious lack of understanding of the local way of life. The locals are proud and sincere people who cater to, but are not overrun by, the needs of a number of visitors every year. They are not merely puppets for the American elite, as the author suggests. It was interesting to note that many of the negative comments came from people who no longer live in Baddeck. Perhaps they are the disdainful eagles who flew away.

Miss Bonnie MacKillop
Baddeck, N.S.

Setting the record straight

It was great to see a barbershop singer — Wendell Phinney — recognized in your Folks section, September issue. I would like to make a correction — Mr. Phinney is the musical director of the Kentville Chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. Wendell and the Dukes of Kent chorus are a part of the Northeastern District of the society, which consists of chapters in the states of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine as well as the provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. In the Atlantic provinces we have chapters in St. John's, Sydney, Truro, Dartmouth, Halifax, Kentville, Yarmouth, Amherst, Charlottetown, Moncton, Saint John, Fredericton and Woodstock. My congratulations to Mr. Phinney and the Dukes of Kent for their accomplishments. They are a fine lot of singers joining with barbershoppers, wherever they may be, to keep the whole world singing.

Eric Peters
Rail City Chorus
Moncton, N.B.

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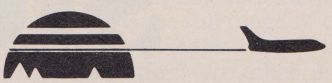

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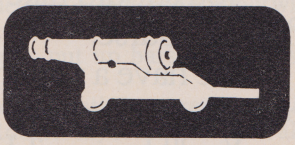

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De-institutionalization: More easily said than done

Saving money on mental health is a thorny issue in N.B.

by Jennifer Henderson

In New Brunswick, "institution" has become a dirty word. The jaw-breaking word "de-institutionalization" now signifies all that is enlightened and progressive. The move from one to the other is a topic of heated political debate in a province that likes its politics hot.

No place embodies the word "institution" more than Centracare. This fortress-like mental hospital in Saint John stands on a hill overlooking the Reversing Falls — a tourist attraction and a watery grave for untold numbers of suicides. After a century of caring for the mentally ill, infirm and retarded, it's destined to serve only the criminally and chronically insane.

"The feeling in the community is that we're keeping people in here," reflects Stan Matheson, Centracare's director of support services, "but most of our patients are voluntary. They stay because they have no place to go."

The Hatfield government is balking at the cost per patient in institutions — about $120 to $150 a day. It has also been influenced by groups such as the Canadian Mental Health Association (CMHA) and the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR). In March 1982 the province announced it would try to reduce its institutional health care costs and seek cheaper alternatives. The result has been an ongoing discharge of 200 to 300 people under psychiatric care. Special-care, foster homes and "community residences" to be set up in Woodstock and Moncton are being recruited for 110 "targeted" Centracare patients.

Many patients have spent most of their adult lives in a kind of cuckoo's nest. "They're forgotten people," says Dr. Paul Bourque, president of the provincial branch of the CMHA. "Sending them to an institution was an easy out for their community."

"In New Brunswick," adds Bourque, "mental illness still has a stigma attached to it. We tend to shun these people because we fear them. De-institutionalization will force us to confront problems of depression and lack of social skills, which should be dealt with at the community level."

But is the community ready? The provincial government's decision to phase out many of the beds at mental hospitals in Saint John and, eventually, in Campbellton, and to shut down the Dr. William F. Roberts Hospital-School for children with behavioral and medical problems, has brought opposition. Some feel the community is unprepared to cope.

Dr. Travis Cushing, chairman of the Human Development Council, a non-profit agency of the United Way, was a fervent supporter of de-institutionalization, but visits to Ontario and Saskatchewan, where similar programs have been tried, changed his mind. "My experience tells me governments who practice it are more concerned about dollars than providing adequate care for de-institutionalized patients. And that care costs as much, or more, outside as in."

An acute shortage of nursing-home beds has already put the release of 50 elderly psychiatric patients from Centracare in doubt. In two years, only about one third of those on the overall discharge list have been released. A visit to the Saint John Mental Health Drop-In Centre helps explain why.

"I like the hospital," says 29-year-old Bruce as he shuffles cards for the next hand of crib. "At least I get my proper meals and sleep when I'm in there... although I don't agree the reason I get sick is schizophrenia. Say, you couldn't lend me 20 cents for a cup of coffee, could you?"

Danny is a thin, bespectacled young man interested in electronics and poetry. He rolls his own cigarettes from a communal plastic tin and talks about how hard it is to find a place to live. Danny has shared a two-storey house with five other former patients for the past three years — apart from brief trips to the hospital and three months on his own. A $45 a week welfare cheque got him a furnished room with heat and lights, but not independence. "I would have been all right if I hadn't had to buy bread and milk. And it was lonely."

Danny went back to the group home. Loneliness, housing and finding a job are problems shared by those who often divide their day between the drop-in, "rap sessions" at the mental health clinic, and the Romero House soup kitchen, where a noontime meal is served. Since March 1982, the kitchen has served over 100,000 meals to citizens in Saint John. "Far too many of them have been post-psychiatric patients," says kitchen organizer Carol McNulty. "And we feed the children too."

The absence of support services has created a vocal public reaction to the government's decision to close the province's only institution for kids with special needs. In late September, 500 people turned out for a public meeting to protest the closure of the Dr. Roberts Hospital-School, located in West Saint John. In a succession of moving testimonials, parent after parent stood up to recount how the integrated-team approach at the institution had helped their child in ways that individual schools, psychiatrists and therapists had not.

"If it weren't for the teachers and staff at the Roberts," said Jean Shepherd, a foster parent, "my teenage son would have been returned to the Kingsclear Reformatory after being expelled from school while on parole. Instead, his behavior has improved to where he now lives with his natural parents."

Parents coping with adolescents unable to use the toilet or feed themselves, anti-social teenagers or severely handicapped children regard the $6.6-million-a-year residential institution as their last resort. Parents in francophone areas of the province want the same help, and the pressure is on the government to provide it.

These parents, and others, are not opposed to de-institutionalization as such. What they want is the full range of community services in place and functioning before the institutions are taken away. Can the Hatfield government make good on its promise to deliver the same quality of service to three times as many children by using the $7 million normally allotted to the Roberts budget? Closing the Roberts is a troublesome affair. A study that recommended it was controversial — a key consultant was revealed as a medical fraud — and repeated calls were made for the resignation of Social Services Minister Nancy Teed.

Teed says seven "behavior residence centres" staffed by teams of child-care professionals will be established throughout the province. "They will be homes, not institutions," she insists. The department of social services will acquire some four-bedroom houses to provide emergency and respite care as well as diagnostic assessments.

The government isn't saying what the new programs will cost, when community services will be in place or when the Roberts will be empty. The department of justice, faced with having to find a youth detention center to comply with the Young Offenders Act, is reportedly waiting to put up bars at the hospital-school.

In the meantime, parents of children at the Roberts say some staff have already been transferred and services reduced. The medical community is asking why it wasn't consulted before the government made its decision to close the hospital, and where the additional child psychiatrists necessary to staff the centers will be found.

"How can the government talk about de-institutionalization," asks a parent from rural Brown's Flat, "when our son is on a two-and-a-half-year waiting list for occupational therapy?"

Quest for a Canadian Utopia

Europeans are buying up the kind of open space, clear water and seclusion that is no longer affordable in Europe

by Denise Brun

When Dietmar and Friederike Stamm, a young couple from Hessen, West Germany, came across a small advertisement in their local newspaper offering land for sale in Canada, they had never heard of Nova Scotia and had to look it up on a map. When they visited the province with a group of other prospective buyers from Europe, they were not disappointed by what they found. "The airport was not so busy and big as Frankfurt and people were very friendly and helpful," recalls Friederike.

In Nova Scotia they found the kind of open space, clean water and seclusion that no longer exists in most parts of Europe. The Stamms were impressed enough to buy a lot on Tupper Lake, near Kejimkujik National Park in the western end of the province. That was five years ago.

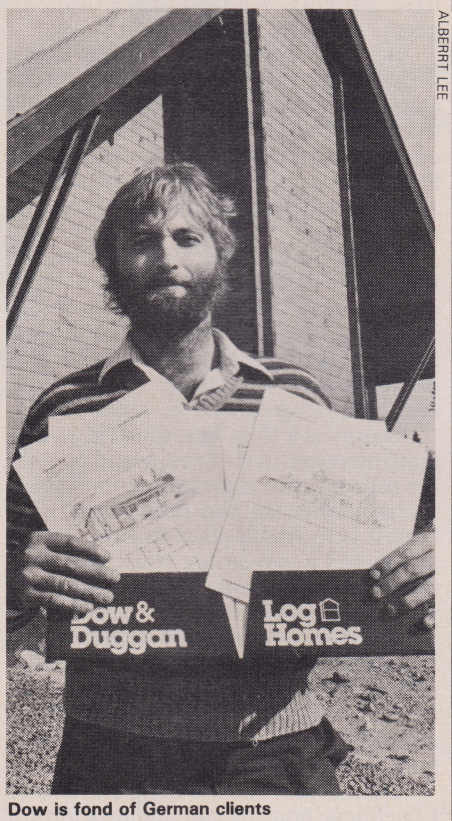
For some older European buyers, Canada represents a safe political haven in the event of turmoil at home. However, Dietmar says that this did not influence his own decision to buy in Canada. "Everything we have is in Germany. Our life is there. If there was a war we could not reach a port where we live anyway, so we do not think of this." What appeals to the Stamms about Nova Scotia is the alternative of "another way of life, not one with everything we have in Germany."

The Stamms are part of a quiet but growing phenomenon — the purchase of Nova Scotia land by Europeans, especially West Germans. According to Bob Douglas, a Mahone Bay realtor who deals almost exclusively with non-residents, Europeans became increasingly interested in the late seventies just as sales of recreational land to Americans started to decline. There are now at least a half dozen real estate companies that deal exclusively with overseas buyers.

It is common knowledge in the real estate business that planes are chartered to bring Europeans over on sales junkets, but a low-key profile is purposely cultivated in order to downplay the extent of actual sales to non-residents. Meanwhile, places with names like Ragged Harbour, South West Port Mouton, Lac a Pic, Port Medway and Deep Cove are becoming summer retreats for an increasing number of well-heeled Swiss and West Germans.

Despite the growing number of subdivisions being developed exclusively by the Europeans, Douglas denies there is any conflict of interest between local people and non-residents who purchase land. "I have never seen any great competition between what locals would buy and what non-residents would buy. Ninety five per cent of the Halifax market stops in Lunenburg County."

Douglas cites the case of a large tract of land that has been purchased by a West German developer in Port Mouton. "It's the most God-forsaken place. The land has never been used for anything over the past 200 years. There's no local interest in it and it has absolutely no use for forestry."



ALBERRT LEE

Dow is fond of German clients

One of the big differences between the Americans who came to Nova Scotia seeking solace from urban decay, and the Germans is, in Douglas's words, that the Germans are "real doers." As consumers, they infuse money into a lack-lustre local economy and provide work for people who would otherwise be on unemployment insurance.

The trend has also been good for local businessmen like Stephen Dow, Sales Manager of Dow & Duggan Homes at Hatchet Lake, near Halifax. According to Dow, the West Germans with whom he does business are "the cream of the crop." They account for 10 per cent of his total annual sales of double-log-home packages, which have an average selling price of $21,000 to $35,000.

Dow likes the way his clientele does business. He recalls the time one prospective buyer from Germany arrived at his showroom just two hours before his return flight. He had just purchased a plot of land and wanted Dow to erect the house for him. "He had an attaché case with him and he just pulled out $16,000 in cash and gave it to me as a down payment there and then."

Kell Antoft, former director of Dalhousie University's Institute of Public Affairs, is not so enthusiastic about the trend. The provincial Land Holdings Disclosure Act is designed to keep track of non-resident purchases of land in the province, but it's not effective, in Antoft's opinion, and he doubts that the province is interested in enforcing it anyway. There are fines of up to $1,000 for a non-resident who fails to disclose a purchase. Antoft says that, to his knowledge, no one has ever been penalized. One problem is that buying from Western Europe is being done in large measure by companies that are incorporated under the N.S. Companies Act and, as such, they are not identified as non-resident. Antoft feels that Nova Scotia should have legislation similar to that in P.E.I. where non-residents owning more than 10 acres of land must apply for a permit. He suggests that one solution might be to put a lien against the land for non-compliance with the Land Holdings Disclosure Act.

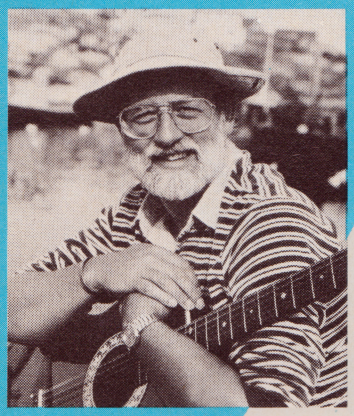
Some local residents also have misgivings about the amount of land being bought by Europeans. As one Halifax businessman remarked: "What frightens me is that our kids are going to be buying from foreigners because there will be no more left for anyone to buy."

The realtors respond that the land which appeals to these buyers is of little interest to Nova Scotians. As an example, Douglas points to 20 lots he advertised all summer in Feltzen South in Lunenburg County. "I have not had one enquiry locally," he says.

The reason why Europeans actively seek large, secluded tracts of land is to ensure the kind of privacy no longer possible to find at home where land is at a premium and costs are prohibitive. "They like the peace and quiet here and the respite from the political climate at home," says Georgia Hebb, a German who married a Canadian. By Canadian standards, much of the land purchased by Europeans is "strictly boonies," says Hebb.

When the Stamms head out to their log cabin on Tupper Lake, access is by an old logging road, there is no electricity and they use gaslight — but it is all strictly by choice. While most Nova Scotians prefer their creature comforts, Europeans like the Stamms seek to experience a pioneering spirit that they could not hope to find at home.

SAIL ON



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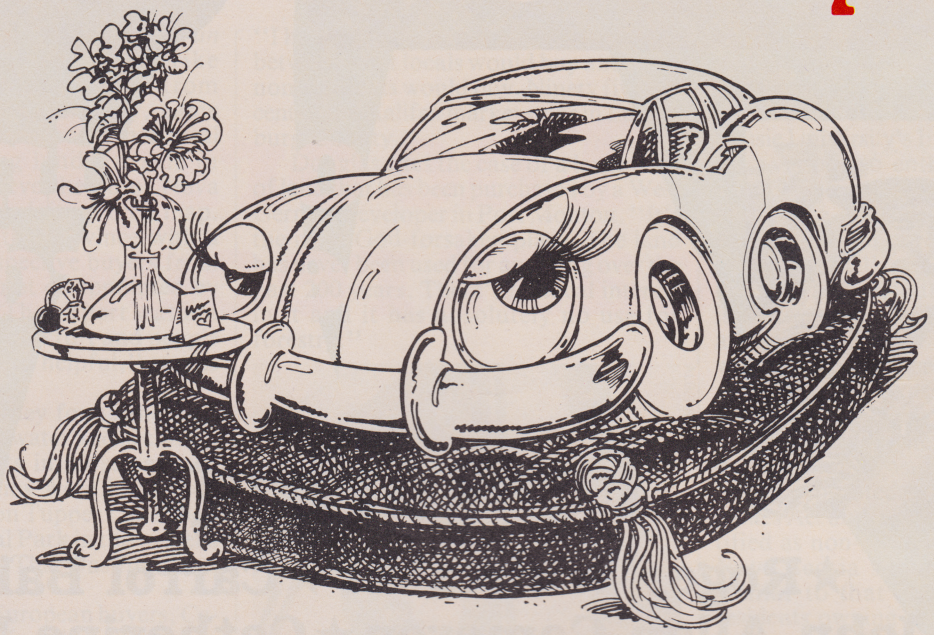

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Atlantic Insight December 1984

PHOTO BY DON ROBINSON

A giant heart makes Saint Nick jolly

FASHION

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More than a red suit, beard and Ho ho to make Santa

Lift the beard of a department store Santa and who will you find? A slightly tipsy part-timer? A professional who truly loves children? Or maybe, just maybe ...

by Charmaine Gaudet

Think about this for a moment. Who have you seen most this Christmas season? By way of a hint, think bright red suit. Jingle bells. Ho ho ho.

Who else, if not jolly old Saint Nick himself? Eyes twinkling, cheeks round and rosy as a Gravenstein, his face smiles from every second Christmas card, the pages of magazines and newspapers, roadside billboards and television screens.

We've even seen him in the flesh; well, maybe not the real Santa, because, as everybody knows, the one and only Mr. Claus is holed up at the North Pole, up to his bushy, white eyebrows in last-minute details. But we've seen a whack of look-alikes, sometimes several daily; in fact, in mid-November men and women dressed as Santa become as commonplace as Catholics at a Knights of Columbus hall.

Last year MacFarland's Rental Centre, the largest supplier of Santa suits in Metro, recorded a whopping 200 rentals in three weeks. "The de-

mand is skyrocketing," says party goods department manager John Dryden. "We started off with just six suits five years ago, and now we're up to 36." You can rent a suit and disposable wig and whiskers for as little as $30. If you'd rather buy, you can blow up to $500 on a deluxe, professional-quality outfit.

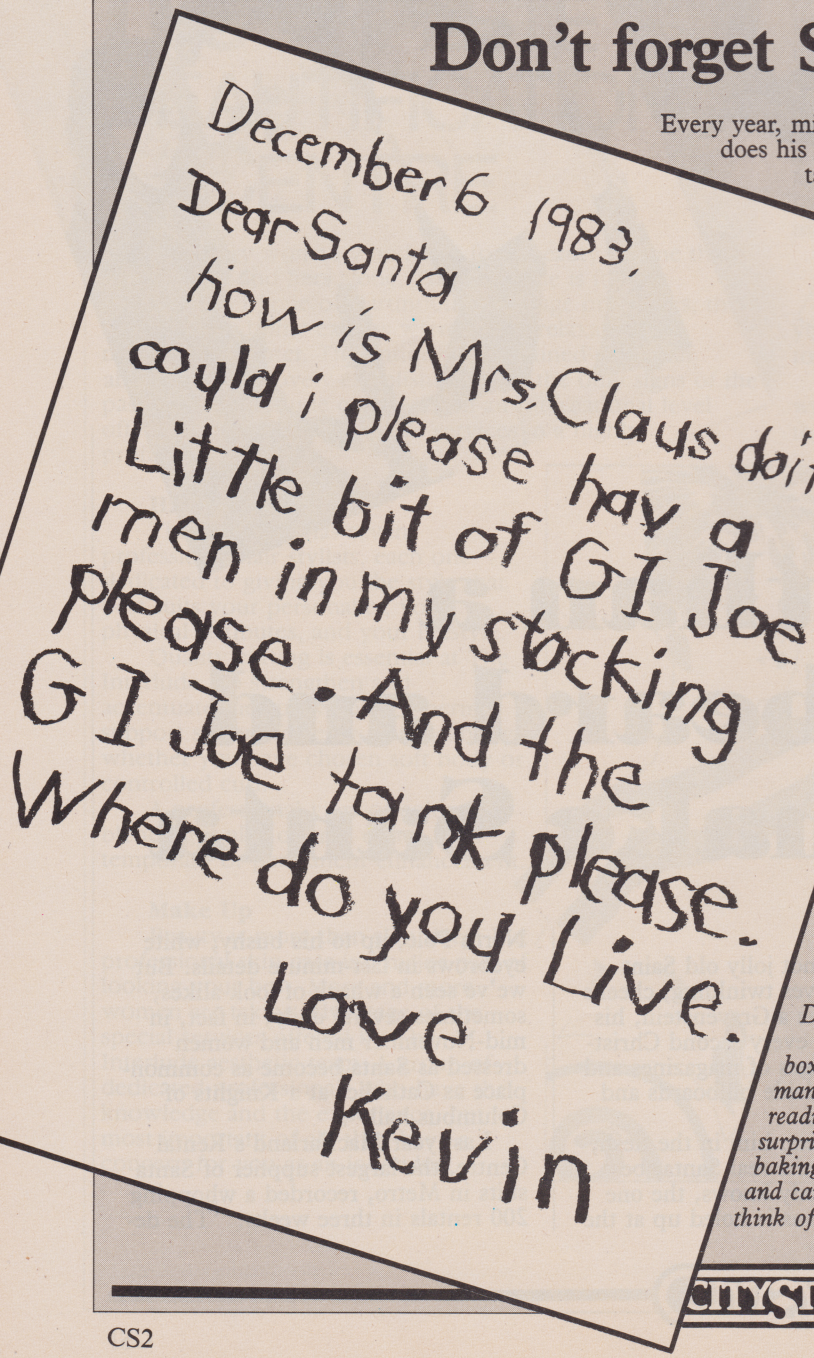
While clothes may make the man, a bright red suit, a snowy beard and even an authentic belly laugh don't necessarily make the Santa, say some professionals who portray jolly old Saint Nick on behalf of the benevolent, but busy, gent. "To play a good Santa, the main thing is you've got to love children," says Don Sandback, an Eastern Transport truck driver from Truro who has been a professional Santa for many years. He used to play Santa for large firms in Montreal, his home town, and still does it for groups like the Truro policemen and the Rotary Club. He won't take a paycheque any more. But he'll gladly accept a donation for the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children, where he has played Santa for the past two years.

Sandback is the best Santa the hospital has ever had, insists Christmas party organizer Linda Skinner, the child life department director, who has seen many Santas come and go. "Santa's visit is the most exciting event of the year for the kids here." But, she says, Christmas at the hospital can also be sad because some children are very sick and "some aren't even going to make it. You know this, and so it's sometimes hard to keep your spirits up." But Sandback says he doesn't find it as hard. "I draw on all the smiles and excitement. It really makes me high. When I make the kids happy, I'm happy."

Meanwhile, for the past six years Gary D'Eon, a firefighter with the Dartmouth Fire Department, has devoted five weeks a year to his second career — playing Santa at the Micmac Mall. A single parent with three kids, he agrees it is essential to love kids to be a good Santa representative. Being a parent also helps. "Having kids of my own enables me to relate to other kids." He says kids believe he really is Santa when he gently chides them to go to bed early or to eat everything on their plates.

He tries to ensure a child's visit is not like a stint on a production line, because shopping mall Santas all too often push kids through like clockwork. "When I took this job, I made

Don't forget Santa's postal code



Every year, millions of kids send letters like this to Santa Claus. And he does his best to answer each and every one. The enormity of the task boggles the minds of mere mortals. But then, Santa Claus is not like us. After all, it takes a special being to teach reindeer to fly, to travel the world in a single night and to live year round in a climate colder than March in Moncton.

Marathon letter writing is one thing. But then there are the logistics of moving all that mail to and from the North Pole. In this respect, Santa is only human, because, just like the rest of us, he relies on Canada Post.

To accommodate the tons of letters to Santa and his replies, the Post Office has a Santa Mail Program. Marilyn Farley, community relations director for the Atlantic Division of the Post Office, explains the program is designed to hasten delivery to and from the North Pole.

The bulk of letters increased drastically in the past few years. When the program started in Nova Scotia four years ago, 2,000 letters were sent to Santa. The program was expanded to the rest of the Atlantic Provinces and last year the 1,212 post offices in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and P.E.I. handled more than 50,000 letters.

Farley says kids can help ensure their letters reach Santa by using the North Pole's postal code — H0H 0H0. "To get a reply," she says, "don't forget to include a return address."

Oh, and by the way, a few days before Christmas last year, this handwritten letter arrived in a Halifax apartment:

Dear Kevin,

Merry Christmas! Mrs. Claus found your letter in the mail box this morning and we both thought it was lovely. There are so many friends writing to us now, and we often sit here by the fire reading the letters together. The elves and I have been making many surprises and gifts for all our friends, and Mrs. Claus has been busy baking some goodies and planning my trip. We are all very excited and can hardly wait for Christmas. Try to be extra good now, and think of others while I'm thinking of you.

Love,
Santa

DON ROBINSON

Sandback: "You've got to love children"

only one stipulation: that I would spend a lot of time with each kid. I spend an average of two minutes, and sometimes as long as five. People really don't mind standing in line if they feel their kid is going to get something out of it."

While obviously fluent in the language of children, D'Eon and Sandback have yet another advantage — they are bilingual. "French kids here expect an English Santa. When Santa speaks their language, they're thrilled. It reinforces their belief in him," Sandback explains. It's another reason why D'Eon and Sandback are among the best in the business.

But for every dedicated Santa's helper, there's another for whom the job holds nothing more than a pay-cheque. Sandback says many kids are

DON ROBINSON

. . . Being a parent also helps, adds D'Eon

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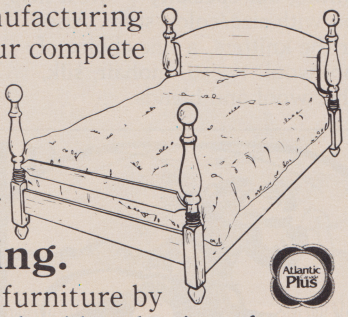

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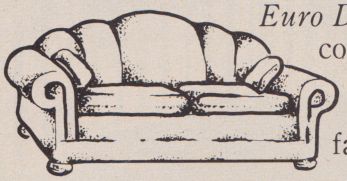

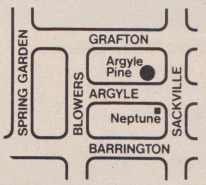

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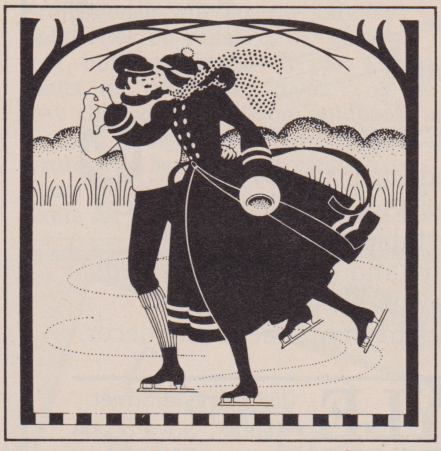

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D'Eon, in Micmac Mall, spends a lot of time with each kid

afraid of department store Santas because "they're loud, rough, or coarse." Or worse, they've had a nip or two to reinforce them for a four-hour shift with dozens of squirming kids.

A tarnished Santa portrayal is a blasphemy, says actor, writer and consultant John Fulton, who has played Santa at Simpsons and the Penhorn Mall. "Santa Claus is sacred. He's a holy man, a saint. That's why you have to take great care in how you portray him." Fulton, whose roles have ranged from the wizard in this year's Nova Scotia Tattoo to a giant frog, feels Santa is the most difficult role of all because his character is so specific and narrow. "Almost everything he does is out of context. To play him well, you have to stay in character every second you are on . . . you can't scratch your nose or fidget with the elastic in your beard." He insists that staying in character requires the skills of a professional actor, so he prepares for his part with dedicated concentration. He dresses at least half an hour before performing and then gazes into a mirror until he becomes a smiling, jolly picture-card Santa. He says it is also crucial that a good Santa not reek of aftershave, deodorant or alcohol because children rely heavily on their senses and a strong, unfamiliar smell can reduce them to tears.

Substitute Santas must also cope with ever-growing gift lists — and expectations — from children and parents. "Often Santa's expected to provide the magic that a lot of parents can't," says Fulton. But one Santa recalls a rare occasion when a young boy asked for "peace and love in the world." Deeply touched, the Santa asked if the boy wanted something for himself. "Sure, but my parents always get me everything I ask for anyway."

In times past, Santa was revered as the patron saint of children, bearer of gifts for the needy and the very spirit of Christmas. But commercial marketing has turned him into a peddler of shaving cream, appliances and lingerie. Because Santa is a powerful marketing tool, most stores want one. The resulting abundance of Santa Claus clones can give parents headaches, bewilders kids, and threatens the credibility of every professional Santa.

One suggests that instead of all masquerading as the real Santa "we should present ourselves as Santa's helpers." Most kids know Santa has many strange and wonderful powers, but he can't be in 10 places at once, so that could be a plausible explanation. Unless, of course, you happen to be the real Santa.

On that subject, professional Santas are notoriously non-committal. Ask one if he really is Santa and he'll say, "I'm the spirit of Santa Claus," or "I am if you believe I am." So he's just another look-alike. Well, maybe . . .

Let's put it this way. After a long talk about Santa, kids and Christmas, Don Sandback and I were exchanging pleasantries. I travel through Truro often, so I suggested that perhaps I could stop to visit sometimes. He said I'd be welcome. I asked for directions to his home and he replied, "Look for the reindeer, then turn right." C

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Need a different gift for Christmas?

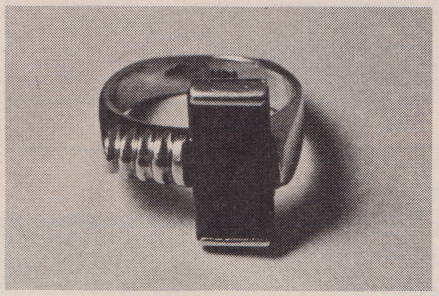
Stuck for an idea about something really neat to give someone special for Christmas? A CityStyle task force wandered through stores and wracked its brains for hours looking for out-of-the-way gifts. Here are some suggestions.

Do you want to keep someone up in the air about what you are giving them? Aero Tech Aviation, of Hardwood Lands near Shubenacadie, sells small airplanes called **ultralights**. A single-seater Wizard J3B costs $7,200 and a two-seater T38B goes for $9,200. Your recipient will need an ultralight pilot's licence from the department of transport, and Aero Tech can provide the training.

Rent a chauffeur-driven **Rolls Royce** for the person who aspires to the trappings of wealth, but can't afford them. Pronto Rolls Royce Limousine of Halifax can provide a dark green 1957 Silver Cloud II, complete with red carpet service and a uniformed chauffeur. Understandably, the car is laid up for the winter but it will be back on the road in May. A new rate structure is expected to be slightly higher than the $35 to $45 per hour charged this year.

To ease aching muscles, Brocklin Toys Ltd. of Middleton has come up with a line of **wooden muscle massagers** and foot rollers which would suit almost anyone on your "hard-to-buy-for" list. They are available at Jennifer's of Nova Scotia for $10.00.

If you are interested in giving an opulent gift, consider **custom-made jewelry**. You could, for example, have a ring made with lapis lazuli — a bright blue gem sometimes flecked with gold-like chips and punctuated with brilliant streaks of white. The stone was favored by ancient emperors for everything ranging from jewelry to inlays for gold-encrusted walls. There are several chunks of Afghanistan lapis lazuli in Fawcett Bradshaw Goldsmiths Ltd. on Barrington Street and you could have a piece set in a 14 carat, yellow gold ring for about $400.



For audiophiles who need their tunes, even on the coldest days, it is now possible to be wired for sound without having frozen ears. **Hear Muffs** made of real fur are equipped with speakers and a jack which fit all portable stereo radio/cassette players.

Available in a choice of muskrat, blue fox, racoon, fox, otter, beaver and coyote for $35.00 a pair from Mitchell Fur on Blowers Street.

PHOTOS BY KEVIN O'REILLY

Need something for a sailor? How about four **non-skid wine glasses** that hold 10 ounces each? These glasses, made of a space-age product called Lexan that was developed by General Electric, have an edge over other non-skid products because they are unbreakable. A good sharp crack on a table won't do a thing to them. Available at The Binnacle on Blowers Street for $32.00 a set or $8.00 each.

For leather lovers, consider a made-in-Halifax **suede tie** from Aurora Designs. They sell for $18.50 at D.J.'s Tannery on Spring Garden Road. The store also carries some interesting **hand-knit leather sweaters**, made in Turkey, which cost $129.00.

The person who has everything might appreciate a **gift pack of exotic preserves** like brandied cherries, pears in triple sec, fiddleheads en marinade, brandied peach marmalade, rum pear butter and brandied apple butter. Several of these products, made by Fin d'Hiver, Quebec, have won awards of excellence. A gift pack of three 250 millilitre jars is $22.95, or one 500 millilitre jar is $13.95 at Between Friends in the Courtyard on Dresden Row.

The otolith is a bone in the inner ear of a fish that acts as a balancing organ. An enterprising craftsman has developed a **unique line of jewelry** using this small bone, which is ivory colored and looks like a small shell. A collection of earrings, necklaces and lapel pins is available at craft stores. Prices start at about $8.00.

Because brier is hard and has a convoluted grain, it is exceptionally difficult to carve. It follows that a **carved brier pipe** might be hard to find. MacDonald Tobacco and Gifts, in Barrington Place, had one shaped like a fisherman's head for $199.00. If it is gone and you have a lot more money to spend, you might consider a set of seven pipes — one for each day of the week — in a smart black case for about $1,300.

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Children and adults who love dolls may appreciate a **doll house** or furniture. The houses start at about $60 as kits you build yourself. But these toys can cost as much or as little as you want: furniture starts at about $3.99 for a simple pine piece and ranges up to $225 for a gold-upholstered, seven-piece livingroom set. The Doll House, in Historic Properties, also stocks a wide range of toys and dolls, including limited edition, numbered representations of the royal family.

Inexpensive beauty aids could include **Japanese pumice stones** — volcanic rock to smooth rough skin — or **Pirarucu fish scale nail files**. The pumice costs $4.95 and the files sell for $1.99 at the Body Shop in Spring Garden Place. The store also stocks a wide variety of soaps and bath beads.

Another beauty gift could be a **gift certificate for a makeover**. A special on a facial, hair styling, manicure, pedicure and makeup goes for about $80 at Interlude on Ochterloney Street in Dartmouth.

And, for those awkward-to-buy-for outdoorsmen in the family, help is also at hand.

A Travel Half Dome backpack by Camp Trails is cleverly designed to function as both commercial luggage and as an internal frame pack for extended use on the trail. A hidden panel unfolds from a secured bottom pocket to cover the adjustable suspension system when the pack is to be used as luggage. The reinforced carry handle and detachable shoulder strap make it convenient to tote around airports.

Available in various colors from the Trail Shop in Halifax, the pack sells in various sizes from $90.00 to about $200.00.

For the anglers in gift givers' lives, Hardy Bros. of England manufactures a **six-piece luxury fly rod**, small enough to fit in a brief case, and an accompanying pigskin and aluminum protective case.

Now available in a deluxe burgundy-colored blank in seven-foot, eight-foot and nine-foot lengths, this item is at once a thoroughly practical pack rod, a well-engineered fishing tool, and a status symbol for the angler who has everything.

CITYSTYLE

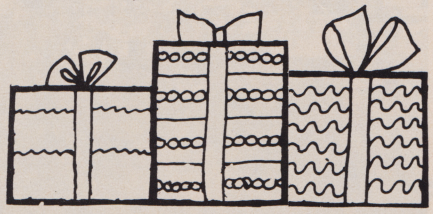
Sold in, or available through, quality sports stores everywhere, the rod retails for about $350.00 and the case for about $100.00.

Frozen finger tips can be a thing of the past for winter sports buffs and

waterfowl fanatics with **Heat-Aires mitts** by Paris Glove. This Canadian-made product is steerhide on the exterior, insulated with synthetic fibre and lined inside with synthetic pile.

It's the small velcro-closure pocket in the end of each mitt that makes them different, for inside is a liquid fuel satellite heater with an estimated burning time of eight to 12 hours. The ignition system is flameless, operating on a single AA battery, and the heater burns ordinary lighter fluid or benzine. Available from the Trail Shop, the mitts retail for approximately $60.00.

Or, on a more economical scale, how about a subscription to Eastern Canada's new outdoor magazine, **Eastern Woods & Waters**. This high-quality, full-color publication will appear on the newsstands for the first time next March and has been designed specifically for Atlantic Canadians. Special charter subscription rates are available through Northeast Publishing Ltd., 1668 Barrington St. in Halifax: $12.95 for one year and $22.95 for two years. C



Next month in

CITY STYLE

Pimps and "players" — they claim there are no victims

Day tripping from metro — on skis

Fashion and entertainment

CITY STYLE

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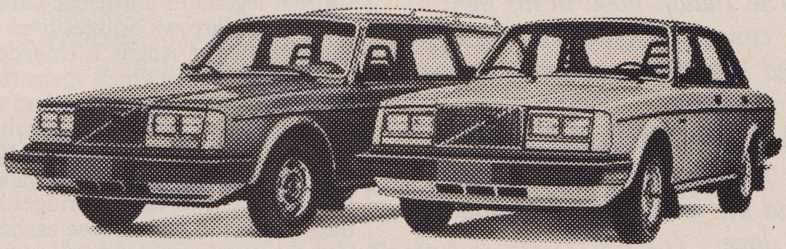

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ALBERT LEE

A runaway ship could have knocked down a Halifax Harbour bridge, fulfilling a Micmac curse

The safest way to travel: by bridge!

"The Indian stood in his light canoe.
And his hatchet under the waves he threw.
Then raised his hands to the heavens above.
And this is the legend of hate and love.
'Three times a bridge o'er these waves shall rise.
Built by the paleface so strong and wise.
Three times shall fall like a dying breath.
In storm and silence and last in death.' "

— Author Unknown

by Brent King

That legend of a Micmac curse on three Narrows bridges lives on. But so does the Angus L. Macdonald (the third bridge) which spans the harbor in defiance of the hex. And to really miff the gods, up the harbor a way stands the A. Murray MacKay.

The prophecy hasn't always seemed so harmless: two earlier bridges met their predicted fate. Those earlier railway structures were made of wooden trestles and masonry piers. They were short-lived. The first, built in 1884, washed out seven years later in a severe storm. The second floated silently away — true to the spell — with the tide.

So, perhaps the Angus L. Macdonald's suspension engineering only marginally suspends local superstition. Thirty years old this spring, the Macdonald has been collecting tolls despite the dire predictions. In 1954, Halifax boasted 20,000 homes; a man's suit and two pairs of pants (on sale) went for $29.39; and bridge builders, known as "sand hoggers," doing dangerous excavation work earned $85 for a 24-hour week.

Reg Allen, chairman of the Halifax-Dartmouth Bridge Commission, says little was left to chance when the mile-long Macdonald was opened on April 2, 1955. For starters, the scheduled ribbon cutting date was switched from April Fool's Day — just to be on the safe side. To double-whammy any bad spirits, the chief of the Micmac tribe served up some strong medicine of his own, and removed his ancestor's curse.

But the Macdonald has seen its share of tragedy. Several workers died building the bridge. Even when the $11-million "massive graceful span" was erected, there were concerns about "special protection against any ship which might in some manner brush against the piers supporting the tower." The remedy then was to face the piers with granite.

The fear has always been that a vessel navigating the 1,100-foot channel between the bridge's piers might have steering, engine or electrical failure at a crucial moment.

"Statistics gathered from the various members of the International

Bridge, Tunnel and Turnpike Association, embracing 18 countries who control facilities in substantially similar circumstances to ours, outline that the dangers are real," says a Macdonald pier protection study by consulting engineering firm Whitman, Benn & Associates Ltd.

The Canadian Coast Guard has found that almost half the bridge collisions are caused by human error, more than double the number caused by mechanical failure.

For commuters, a disabling collision would mean facing severe traffic tie-ups at the remaining bridge or driving 15 miles around Bedford Basin. If a bridge collapsed, rebuilding it would cost tens of millions of dollars and take a couple of years.

Since the opening of the Fairview Cove Container Terminal, ship traffic under the bridges has increased, and larger vessels are arriving. Some ships are third generation, or jumbo, container ships. The *Atlantic Companion* and *Atlantic Concert*, for example, are each 106 feet wide, 830 feet long and carry 36,000 metric tons of cargo.

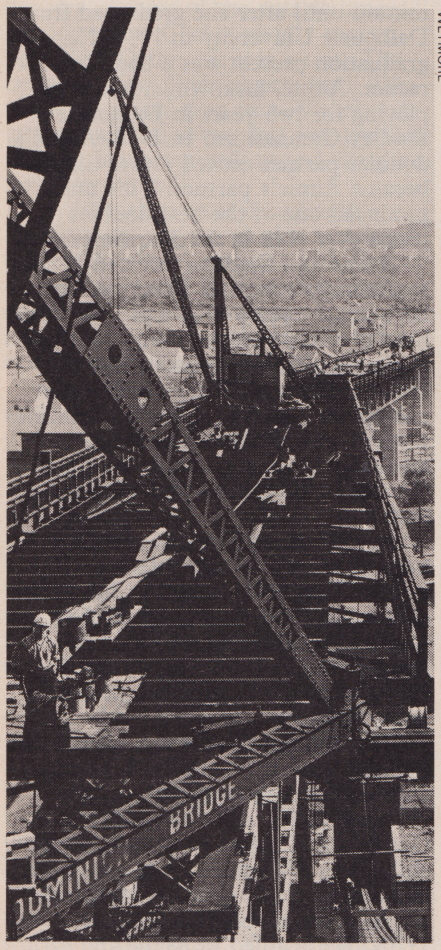
In 1982, such circumstances led the Coast Guard to rank the Macdonald and MacKay as two of the most vulnerable bridges in the country. Protection for the piers was termed urgent.

Now, however, that label no longer applies, thanks to a $5-million program to place rock berms or protective islands around the piers. Safety upgrading was the result of a nine-year campaign for funding which involved municipal, provincial and federal government officials. Ottawa and Nova Scotia split the cost of the project which called for 350,000 cubic metres of stone fill to be built up around the two bridges' eastern piers.

The measure had immediate spin-offs. It helped the Bridge Commission find an insurer willing to underwrite the bridges (they're covered for $80 million although they cost a total of $48 million to build). Unofficially at least, all this probably removes them from the list of high-risk bridges.

Another bridge could be in store for Halifax-Dartmouth. "The present two bridges are getting close to their maximum designed traffic at peak times," Reg Allen says. Over the years there have been schemes for a bridge or a tunnel connecting the cities to George's Island, as well as a North West Arm crossing.

For now, anyway, enjoy the existing twin sister suspension bridges. Their 12-storey-high decks offer quite a panoramic view. And, on a windy day, you really get your quarter's worth. C



WETMORE

The Macdonald Bridge under construction 30 years ago

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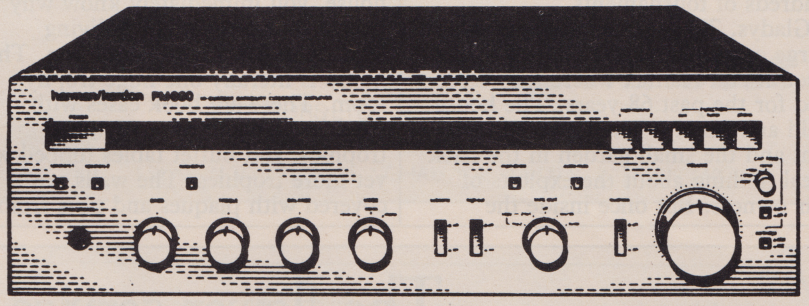

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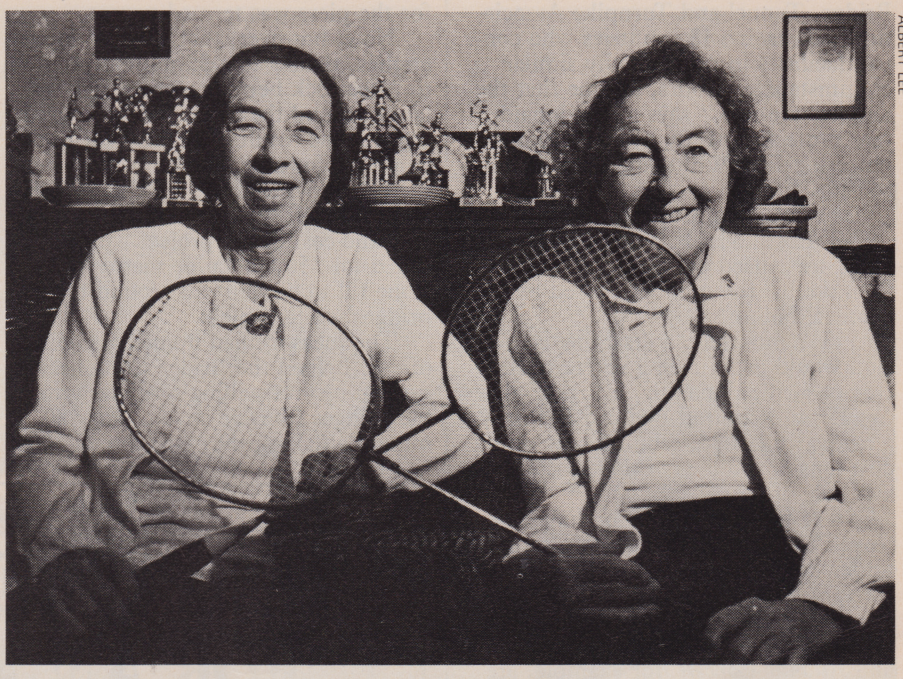
Badminton's local heroes

Gladys and Annie Longard reside quietly in Halifax in a house filled to the brim with trophies. The trophies remind them that once they ruled the local badminton scene with unwavering success

by Mark Alberstat



ALBERT LEE

Annie and Gladys Longard: "We were the best in the Maritimes"

Anyone who has played organized badminton in the Maritimes in the last 50 years has at some time felt the Midas touch of the Longard sisters of Halifax. Between them, they have coached hundreds of players, played thousands of games, and organized hundreds of tournaments.

Gladys, 71, and Annie, 69, reside in a large corner house on Oxford Street in south-end Halifax where they have lived for the past 68 years. The house is old and stately. The flowers in the front and the small garden in the back reveal nothing about the exploits of their owners. But once inside the house, you immediately know why the Longards are regarded as living legends in Maritime badminton. The house is literally one huge trophy room. There are book cases with trophies, a piano covered with trophies, and buffet tables topped with yet more trophies. The walls are covered with plaques and gifts from people they have worked with here and in other parts of the world. Among their prized possessions are three blue porcelain plates from Bermuda.

Gladys did not actually play badminton until after she graduated from Dalhousie University in 1934. Her graduation present was a badminton racket. Annie, meanwhile, had been playing for two years in Dalhousie's Studley Gymnasium. In 1936, Annie's doubles partner moved away. Gladys became Annie's partner. This union produced one of the best doubles teams ever seen in the Maritimes.

Annie and Gladys produced 21 local tournament wins and 19 runner-ups between the years 1942 and 1980. They have played 36 consecutive Maritime Badminton Championships and 41 Halifax City and District badminton championships. The Longard team has worked so well the sisters are often mistaken for twins though Gladys says, "Annie is the captain and I am the mate."

In 1936, the Longards started what became known as the Dalhousie University Alumni Badminton Club. This club came about as a result of Annie wanting to continue to play at Dalhousie. The club only lasted until 1950, when the Longards moved to a larger facility.

The Alumni Club was a member of the McCurdy Cup League. The other clubs in the league were based in churches and gyms around Halifax. One of the Longards' mentors at the club was a Dalhousie professor named Mercer, who had won the Maritime singles championship in the early 1920s. He instilled in Annie and Gladys their joy of the game and a lust for winning. It was fortunate, because

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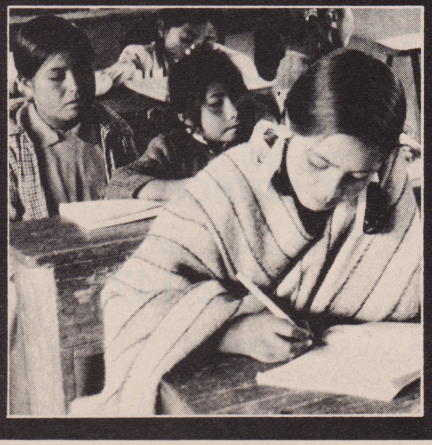

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the Dal Club seldom won in its early years. Annie recalls, "We thought we were good if we got one point."

The war years interrupted the Longards' rise through the ranks of the Maritime badminton scene. Between 1943 and 1945, all official tournaments stopped. During these years, Annie learned the fine art of mending broken shuttles. New ones were simply not available at this time. The prize money and entry fees of wartime badminton games went to the war effort.

In 1964, 1966 and 1968, Annie and Gladys saw more of the world than most people ever dream of seeing. These trips came about as a direct result of their badminton and their willingness to make friends in the sport. A short list of the cities they visited includes: Bombay, New Delhi, Bangkok, Melbourne and Copenhagen.

The organizer of these tours was Frank Devlin, a 10-time world champion who knew all the good players around the world and was welcome in just about every country he visited.

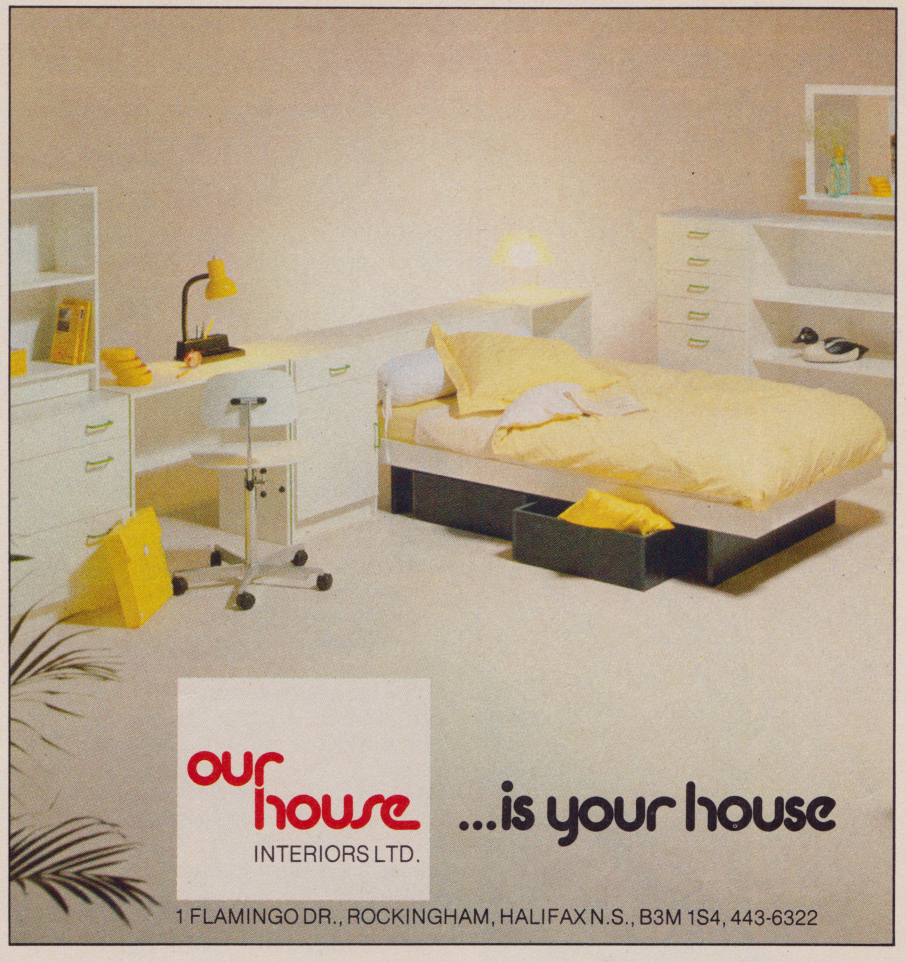
Needless to say, the Longards have many fond memories of those years and the following is just a taste of those memories: "In Bangkok the chief of police entertained us while we were there and he brought out Tia dancers as some of the entertainment," Annie recalls. Gladys vividly remembers New Delhi: "It was a riot. The crowded New Delhi streets were like nothing we had ever seen. We played in this hall and it was just jam packed, and the fans were yelling and clapping for every point."

In 1968 they went on a South Pacific tour, playing singles matches in 90-degree fahrenheit heat. The players on the tour spent three days in each city, spending the afternoon sightseeing and the evening playing the exhibition matches against local players.

Although the Longards played against the world's best they realized they were not world class. "We knew we were the best in the Maritimes," Annie says, "but going to the Canadian Championships eight times and never winning showed us that we were not the best in Canada." In their first experience with the Canadian Championships they advanced to the quarter finals and another time reached the semi finals.

But the Longards have, without a doubt, added much to the badminton scene in the Maritimes and Nova Scotia in particular. They have yet to be elected to the Nova Scotia Sports Heritage Hall of Fame. There are three categories in the Hall of Fame: Players and/or Game Builder and Team. The Longards qualify for the first two and are unquestionably worthy of the honor. This injustice will hopefully be remedied at the next Hall of Fame ceremonies. C

CITYSTYLE



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Please include the address label from a recent issue.

GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

Dalhousie University Art Gallery. Through December, *W.J. Wood: Paintings and Graphics.* An extensive display of the paintings, drawings and prints of Ontario artist W.J. Wood (1877-1954). Organized by the Art Gallery of Ontario. *Suzanne Swannie: New Work.* This exhibition of weaver Suzanne Swannie's work involves experimental drawings composed of layers of paper and pulled thread fabric. *Christine Ross-Hopper: New Work.* Hopper's previous interest in landscape painting has evolved to include horizontal groupings of photographs that depict common Nova Scotia landscapes and seascapes. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Avenue. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evening, 7-10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Closed Monday.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. To Dec. 14: *Felicity Redgrave — Night/Spaces.* Gallery Hours: Tues., Wed., & Thurs., 1 p.m.-7 p.m.; Fri. 1 p.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2 p.m.-4 p.m. Closed Mondays.

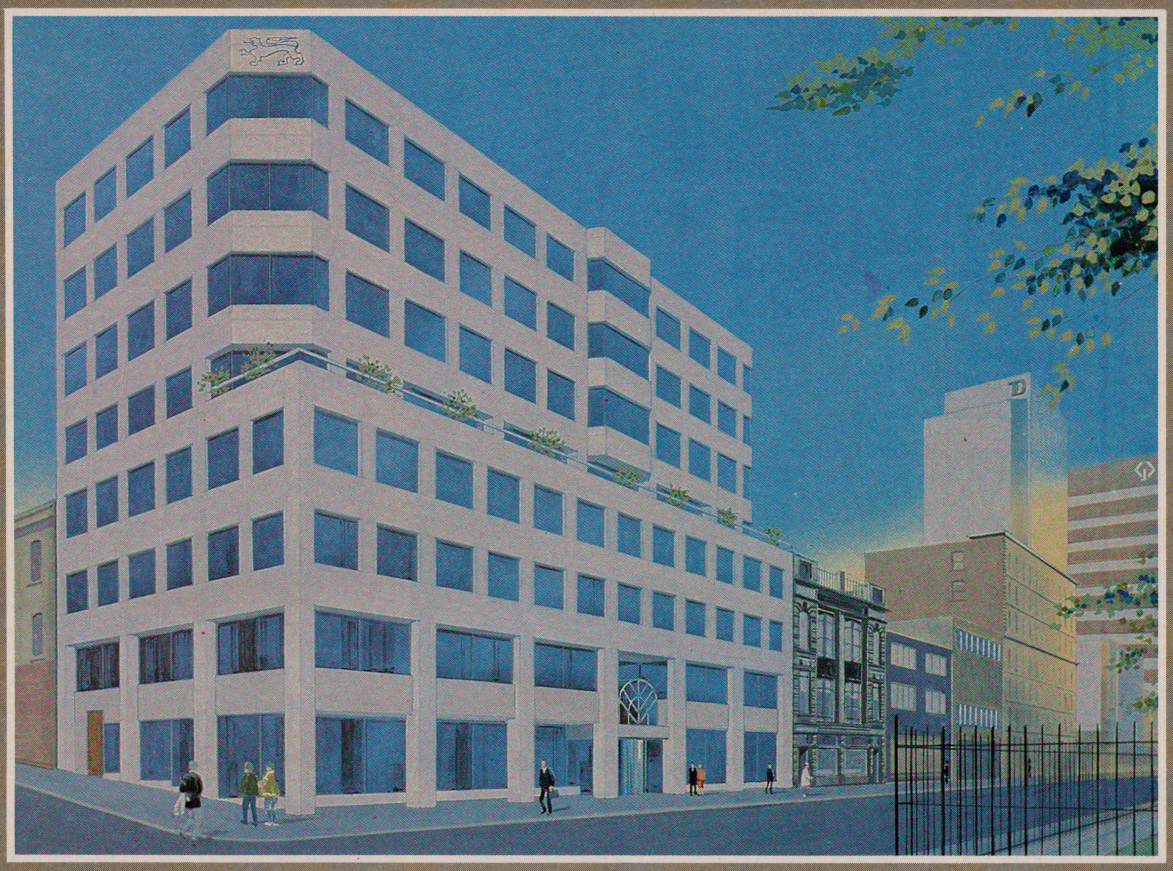
Dartmouth Heritage Museum. Dec. 10-Jan. 2: *Jeannine Meehan, Oils.* 100 Wyse Road, Dartmouth. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 1-5 p.m., Wed., 1-5 & 6-9 p.m.; Sun. 2-5 p.m.

Nova Scotia Museum. Through December: *Nightwings. An Exhibit about Bats.* This exhibit, filled with bat specimens, enlarged models, close-up photos, video-clips and sounds, is from the National Museum of Natural Sciences and is designed to dispel misconceptions about these flying mammals. 1747 Summer Street. Hours: Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; Wed., 9:30 a.m.-8 p.m.; Sun., 1-5 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Maritime Museum of the Atlantic. Through December: *Illustrations by Walter Scott.* An exhibit of 20 illustrations of fishing vessels and fishing methods by artist Walter Scott, commissioned by Fisheries and Oceans Canada. 1675 Lower Water Street. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-5 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To Dec. 16: Downstairs: *The Perfect Setting: Dinnerware for Government House.* Upstairs: *Metal Arts Guild of Nova Scotia: A Retrospective, 1951-1984.* Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Through December. Main Gallery: *Wayne*



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Collins formed the Halifax Banking Company, predecessor to today's Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Cunard built a shipping empire that stands today among the world's largest. Holland, publisher of the Acadian Recorder, built Atlantic Canada's first paper mill. Bennet would become founder of the New York Herald. While Gesner won acclaim as the inventor of coal oil.

Joseph Howe, newspaper editor, fought for and won responsible government and freedom of the press. He then became one of the founders of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Premier of the Province and served the last few weeks of his life as Lieutenant Governor.

This century has brought to Granville Street the likes of Alexander Graham Bell, Glen Curtis and J.A.D. McCurdy — daring men who met here one afternoon to form the Halifax Flying Club.

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Boucher: A survey. A survey of works reviewing the artist's development over the past 10 years, including works on paper, paintings, and painted constructions. Guest Curator: Susan Gibson. Mezzanine Gallery: *David Taylor.* A survey of recent works by a Nova Scotian potter. Second Floor Gallery: *Permanent Collection.* A selection of works from the Permanent Collection exhibited on a rotating basis. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.- 5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

MOVIES

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Sunday Film Series: Dec. 2: *Class.* Advertised — wrongly — as a sex comedy, *Class* is really a study, often amusing, sometimes bitter, of the nature and the limits of friendship, illustrating finally the idea that the measure of true "class" is the weapon that you don't use, no matter what. Dec. 9: *Betrayal.* The world of Harold Pinter in *Betrayal* is a provocative place where feelings run high, tempers run short and marriages begin and end with the silence of desperation. A provocative and hypnotic film.

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Travelogue Films: Dec. 10, *Bermuda.* This tiny semi-tropical island in the Atlantic is explored in depth — coral lagoons and limestone caves with underground pools and spectacular stalactite and stalagmite formations, aerial views of the island's surrounding reefs and unusual coral rock formations, 17th and 18th century houses with their unique architectural styles; and a look at Bermuda's breath-taking underwater scenery and marine life. Filmed and narrated by Ralph Gerstle.

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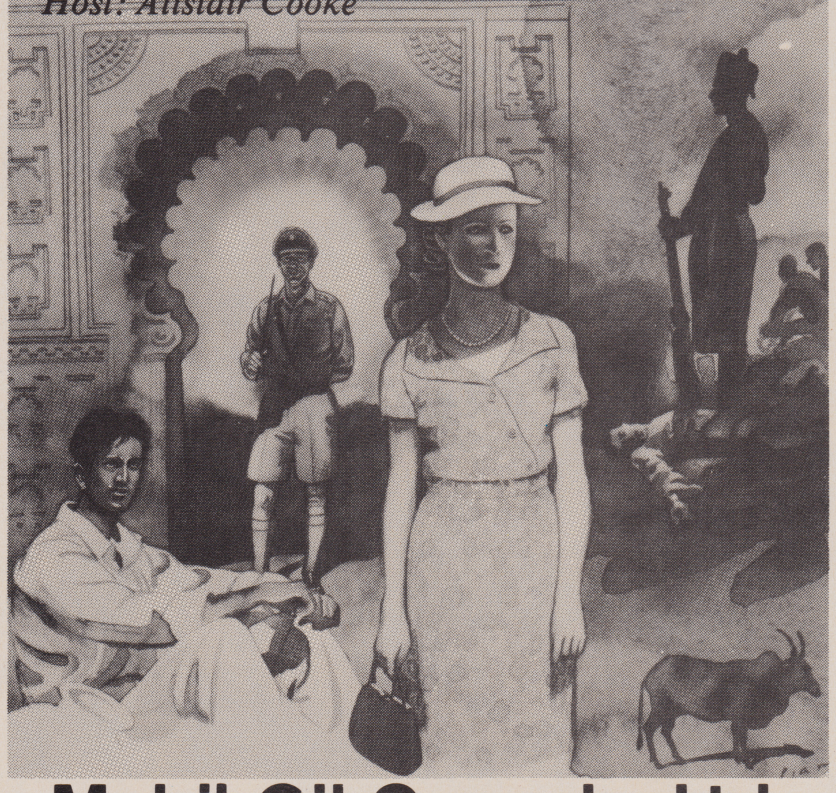

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CLUB DATES

Privateers' Warehouse: Historic Properties. Middle Deck: Dec. 10-15: *Mark Haines and the Zippers;* Dec. 24-29: *The Aviators.* Hours: Lower Deck, 11:30-12:30 a.m. Middle Deck, 11-2:30 a.m.

Teddy's: Piano Bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To Dec. 15: *Allan Fawcett.* Dec. 17-31: *J.P. Ellis.* Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 p.m.-1 a.m.

The Village Gate: 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Dec. 3-8: *Armageddon;* Dec. 17-22: *The Customers;* Dec. 24-29: *Songsmith.* Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

IN CONCERT

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dec. 6 & 7: *Les Ballets Trockadero.* This delightfully satiric company of all male dancers, performing the ballerina roles as well as the straight danseur assignments, presents a playful, entertaining view of traditional, classical ballet in parody form. Dec. 9: *Christmas in Song.* Dr. Walter Kemp leads the 100 voices of the Dalhousie Chorale and the sparkling sound of the Dalhousie Brass Ensemble in their 7th annual afternoon of seasonal music. *Christmas in Song* is fast becoming an established Halifax tradition as a musical treat for the whole family with audience carols and the children's quiz. A Department of Music presentation.

SPORTS

Dartmouth Sportsplex.
Metro Valley Junior A Hockey: Dec. 2, 2:30 p.m.: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Cole Harbour Colts. Dec. 16, 2:30 p.m.: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Halifax Lions. Dec. 23, 2:30 p.m.: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Amherst Ramblers. Dec. 30, 2:30 p.m.: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Moncton Hawkes.

Metro Valley Senior A Hockey: Dec. 2, 7 p.m.: Moosehead Mounties versus Windsor Schooners. Dec. 9, 7 p.m.: Moosehead Mounties versus Chester Olands Exports. Dec. 16, 7 p.m.: Moosehead Mounties versus Bridgewater Ten Pennies. Dec. 23, 7 p.m.: Moosehead Mounties versus Charlottetown Islanders. Dec. 30, 7 p.m.: Moosehead Mounties versus Bridgewater Ten Pennies.

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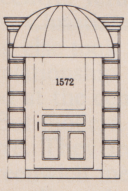

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A special time and place

by Tom Sinclair-Faulkner

I know I had mixed feelings during the Pope's visit to Halifax last September. I think John Paul II did too.

Let me start with what delighted me. There is too little that is "marvellous" in the modern world, too little that excites our sense of wonder. Before the modern era people thought that some places and times were more special than others. They called them "holy," but you and I would say "real." When they drew a map of the world, only one place could stand in the centre: Jerusalem, the holy city of Jews, Christians and Muslims. Everything else took its own "reality" from its relationship to the holy thing that stood at the centre.

But modern maps have no sacred centre. They are centred on the "Greenwich meridian," a purely arbitrary line, chosen simply because the geographer who first proposed it happened to be working in the town of Greenwich at the time. In our secular world, one place is as good as another; no place is special, more "real."

Halifax is a modern, secular city, but the Pope created in many of us an awareness of something holy when he came to the Commons. Make allowance for the fact that many people really were not interested enough to come at all. Make allowance for the fact that many people who did come behaved like "groupies" in the presence of a movie celebrity. What you have left is a keenly focused awareness among the rest that the Pope of the Christians transforms the time and space that he enters. One need not be a Catholic (and I am not) or even a Christian to see that this is so for many people.

That time and place were special for thousands of us. It was not a moment like any other, not a place like any other. It was (in the ancient meaning of that word) *miraculous*: a time and a place that excited our sense of wonder, shedding its reflection on other times and places in our lives. For me, Halifax was changed, never to be quite the same again.

That is what delighted me. Now let me say what troubled me.

In an age when we choose our leaders democratically instead of giving our allegiance to kings, the Pope is a symbol of monarchical power. I know, I know: the Pope carries a staff surmounted by a graphic sculpture of Jesus, despised and helpless on the cross. As the "Vicar" of Christ, the Pope literally "stands in" for that humble, suffering servant. But can anyone seriously perceive the Pope in that light when he mounts a platform on the Halifax Commons that would be envied by any emperor?

There was a moment in 1981 when John Paul II was struck down by an assassin's bullets. That was a terrible time, and one that I hope will never be repeated. But my view is that the Pope was a far more effective "vicar" or "stand-in" for Christ at that time than he was on any towering platform during his Canadian visit.

John Paul could have rebuked us, or he could have washed his hands of the whole "royal tour" approach to religious renewal. But he did not. He responded to us with gentle irony...

Whether their power is spiritual or temporal, having monarchs can be dangerous. We tend to turn to them as saviours with a "quick fix" when the problems that beset us look overwhelming. Norman Cohn, the Jewish historian of "end-of-the-world" movements, noticed this pattern occurring over and over again in Western history. Ordinary people who despair of setting their world right may abandon themselves to vain dreams of a human king who will return to set everything right. The English may dream of Arthur, the French of Charlemagne, and the Germans of Frederick.

When the Pope, crowned and robed, stands high and mighty atop a pyramid, I fear we may be tempted to abandon personal responsibility for the religious value of our own lives. After all, we are so ordinary and he is so regal. Surely he will end the decay and frustration that surround us!

He will not. He has gone back to Rome, and we are still here. If the parish that we live in is to be renewed, it will be because of how *we* live, not because of how some distant but powerful figure lives.

I think that John Paul himself was aware of this issue during his visit.

I was following his speech at the Youth Rally on Thursday night, comparing what he said with the written copy that I had in my hand. He had just finished explaining that all people are united because all are brothers and sisters of Christ, when the crowd of 75,000 burst into a cheer that could have won the pennant for the Expos.

John Paul lowered his printed text, narrowed his eyes slightly at us, and ad-libbed a line that most of the cheering crowd missed: "I am glad to see that you understand the central mystery of our faith *so well*."

When most of us use the word "mystery," we mean something that is difficult to sort out, like an Agatha Christie novel. Clever people can do it in a short time by using a few clues; persistent people can do it by reading the whole book.

But theologians mean something different by "mystery." They mean something that cannot be completely understood by any human being, no matter how clever or good. That we are all one is a "mystery."

Deep down we all know we are *not* all one. When the Pope declares that we are really "all one," the proper response is reflective silence, not a loud cheer.

John Paul could have rebuked us, or he could have washed his hands of the whole "royal tour" approach to religious renewal. But he did not. He responded to us with gentle irony, a gift that Jesus, Mohammed, the Buddha, the Baal Shem Tov and others had call to exercise when they saw more deeply than the rest of us, but did not want to cut us off. C

Tom Sinclair-Faulkner is professor of religion at Dalhousie University and editor-at-large of The Christian Century.

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The Island's rivers are ailing

Farm run-off, the dumping of raw sewage and the choking effect of causeways built without forethought are threatening the economic and recreational uses of many of P.E.I.'s inland waterways

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The Island's rivers are ailing

Farm run-off, the dumping of raw sewage and the choking effect of causeways built without forethought are threatening the economic and recreational uses of many of P.E.I.'s inland waterways

by Jim Cluett

In the village of Murray River, raw sewage from nearly 60 houses is discharged directly into the river. At the other end of the Island, in Montrose, residents say the Kildare River is so foul, the smell keeps them inside on warm summer evenings. In the West River near Charlottetown, an estimated $350,000 worth of oysters has died on the river bottom. Prince Edward Island's inland waters are not in good shape.

For as long as anyone can remember, the residents of Murray River have used the watercourse flowing through the community as a sewer. It's a situation local residents aren't especially proud of. But they're not prepared to do much to clean it up either.

"We're all of one mind," explains Beth Gallant, chairman of the village commission. "It's too expensive, and it's getting more expensive every year." Environmental officials say it would cost more than $2 million to build a treatment plant for Murray River sewage today. But in the mid-1970s the federal and provincial governments offered to pay for a complete system. The cost to local residents would have been about $100 a year per household. The residents voted down the plan and built a hockey arena instead.

Ironically, the province has one of the toughest anti-pollution laws anywhere. It's not just illegal to dump pollutants into a river, it's against the law to put anything into or near a river that *could* cause pollution. But, politically, it's a law that can't be enforced.

"Sure, you have a shellfish closure, you have no more recreation, you have an odor problem, and you'd have health problems if the kids were to swim in it," says Don Champion of the provincial environment department. "But it's very difficult for us to go out and force a community to spend money. You just can't enforce that kind of law when the community's against it."

At least one man in Murray River is very interested in cleaning up the waterway. Wayne Somers moved there from British Columbia to start a mussel farm. He was astounded to learn that he himself was flushing sewage into the same river he would soon use for his $100,000-a-year mussel business.

The federal department of fisheries has closed the Murray River to shellfish harvesting beginning at the village and continuing about a mile downstream. Where the closure stops, Wayne Somers' mussel operation begins. He says federal officials inspect the waters throughout the year, but that's not much consolation. Suitable waters for mussel cultivation are rare and any increase in the pollution levels could destroy a promising Island industry.

Murray River isn't the only community using a local river for the disposal of raw sewage. Just downstream, about 60 households in Murray Harbour use the same river for their sewage. A handful of households on St. Peter's Bay and more in Hunter River do so as well.

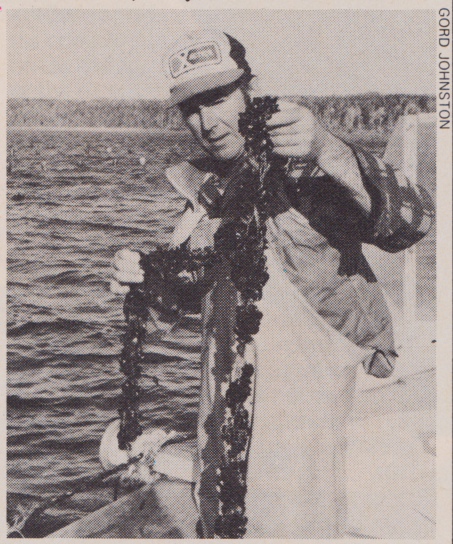
But even rivers that have no sewage aren't immune from pollution. Every year, agricultural run-off, rich in fertilizers and bacterial contaminants, winds up in Island water systems. To make matters worse, causeways constructed by the provincial highways department have choked off the natural tidal flow of many Island rivers.

In the Kildare River not far from Alberton, for example, little or no sewage is discharged into the river. All the same, the river bottom is strewn with dead clams, and dead eels are numerous on the shoreline. "It's impossible to sit outdoors at night with the smell," says Leonard Murphy, local school teacher and chairman of a six-man citizens' committee dedicated to cleaning up the river. "The algae is two or three feet thick in the summer; you couldn't possibly swim in it."

Murphy speaks for a group of residents along the river that is asking the provincial highways department to destroy a causeway built in the 1950s. Instead of building a bridge at Highway 152, engineers back-filled most of the half-mile span and built a short bridge across what was left. As a result, water is restricted as it flows through the narrow opening, and the natural flushing action of the river is severely limited. Highways officials concede that their work of 30 years ago is causing severe problems today. But to remove the causeway and construct a bridge across the entire river could cost $1 million. No one seems to have the money. If the funds were allocated for the project, environmental experts say it would take five to 10 years before the river returned to normal.

Clair Murphy of the environment department is studying more than a dozen rivers in the province where causeways have produced similar problems. He points out that most Island rivers flow through agricultural land. The rivers, fed by high nutrient run-off, develop thick algae blooms. Weather conditions, such as prolonged cloud cover, can cause the algae to die, which reduces the oxygen in the river. "Once the oxygen level drops," says Clair Murphy, "you have a massive explosion of bacteria. As the bacteria decays, you get the familiar smell of rotten eggs caused by the formation of hydrogen sulphide gas. Combine that with the man-made flow control of a causeway, and you've got a bad situation."

But he is quick to point out that the whole process can take place even in rivers without causeways. "The Boughton River (near Dundas) has no restricted flow and it went anaerobic this summer," he explains. "It's a natural phenomenon." Natural or man-made, it can be very expensive for fishermen. When the September oyster season opened in the West River, only miles from Charlottetown, fishermen discovered that 90 per cent of the oysters they hauled in were dead!



GORD JOHNSTON

Sewage threatens Wayne Somers' mussels

The West River has two causeways, one of which reduces the natural tidal flow of the river by 74 per cent. That means, for instance, that instead of a six-foot tide, the river has a tide of less than two feet. The 60 fishermen who regularly harvest oysters on the West River have petitioned the minister of highways to remove the causeways and build bridges.

Federal fisheries officers have imposed 54 separate shellfish closures along the province's nearly 40 rivers. "That tells us we've got contamination," says Clair Murphy. With a tone of discouragement he explains that the source of 50 per cent of that contamination still hasn't been identified. Undeniably, most of it comes from the farm, either from animal manures or from fertilizers. "We have a conflict between the use of our land and the use of our water," says Murphy. "Farmers have to farm, fishermen have to fish. We're trying to find a happy balance."

So far that balance has not been reached. Island rivers are far from pure, and efforts to clean them up have fallen short.

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Wreck of the *Ocean Ranger*: "freak accident" theory sunk

A royal commission points the finger at the human element. It wasn't a big wave that killed 84 men. It was flawed design, poor training and inadequate equipment

by Amy Zierler

In the weeks and months that followed the sinking of the *Ocean Ranger* drilling rig it was fashionable among oil industry and government officials to call the disaster a "freak accident." Nature was to blame, not the human element.

Now, three years later, there's virtually no doubt left about the identity of the main culprit. It was the human element — notably in the form of complacency and neglect which underlay the flawed design, poor training and inadequate equipment which killed 84 men. Nature just provided a large wave which should simply have passed by without fateful consequences.

This point has been made in varying degrees of intensity by five investigators of the sinking. The first four were the Coast Guard and the National Transportation Safety Board in the U.S. (where the rig was registered) plus the Newfoundland Petroleum Directorate and the Canada Oil and Gas Lands Administration, but none were as forceful as the latest one — the Royal Commission on the Ocean Ranger Marine Disaster.

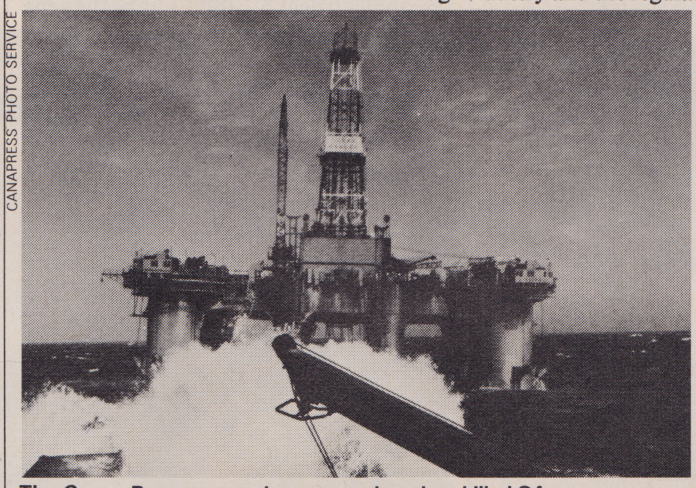
The royal commission is both late and expensive — and there's a second volume to its report yet to come. But it lays bare far more forcefully than the other investigations the reasons for the tragedy of February 14-15, 1982. "The disaster," the first volume of the report states, "could have been avoided by relatively minor modifications to the design of the rig and it should, in any event, have been prevented by competent and informed action by those on board."

The notion that the disaster was the result of a freak wave might have been a defensive reaction by government and industry people who feared that the finger of responsibility would point at them; it might have been a psychological reaction to help families cope with the disaster; or it might have been an honest assessment, given the immediate evidence. Whatever it was, the royal commission, led by Chief Justice Alex Hickman of the Newfoundland supreme court, has laid it to rest.

The royal commission tells it as follows.

Portholes were not covered in the storm. The rig did not deballast to escape the worst forces of the waves. Electrical ballast control equipment was not watertight, and no one on board or on shore appreciated the potential danger in that. That the crew managed to launch one lifeboat at all was a miracle. The supply boats standing by the rigs were not equipped for rescue. No one had an adequate cold-water survival suit, although COGLA had urged oil companies to provide them after the survey vessel *Arctic Explorer* sank off Newfoundland eight months earlier, with 13 deaths.

All of these defects — a full list would fill pages — could have been corrected at a relatively small cost. (The big exception is the lack of a reliable lifeboat launching system, for which government-sponsored research is urgently needed.) Meanwhile, Odeco — the Ocean Drilling and Exploration Company of New Orleans which owned and operated the rig — made $120-million profit on revenues of more than $1 billion the year the *Ocean Ranger* sank.



CANAPRESS PHOTO SERVICE

The *Ocean Ranger*: complacency and neglect killed 84 men

Most of these defects are being corrected on other rigs now, but they weren't in the equation before. "Offshore drilling has emerged as an industrial activity that takes place in a marine environment rather than as a marine activity undertaken for industrial purposes," the royal commission says. "The key element in the operation is the drilling." That's why the captain of the *Ocean Ranger* was third in command of the rig, in effect, behind two drilling men who had no marine training. Throughout the rig's history, ballast control operators did not receive even the informal training specified by Odeco's own policy. When the rig came to Canada, "neither COGLA nor the Petroleum Directorate appear to have taken much interest in the instruction or training" of the ballast control crew. Errors in the crew's daily reports of the rig's stability "were not uncommon and were rarely picked up by supervisors on board or on shore." A month before the rig sank figures indicating the tension on the anchors began to be fabricated in daily reports. The commission did not find this to be a direct factor in the sinking, but it indicates how dangerously slipshod vital operations on the rig had become.

When a Mobil supervisor reported three hours before the abandonment that "all systems are functioning normally," he could not have known what he was talking about, the commission concludes. He was relying on the assessment of the ballast control crew or the rig electrician who, on the evidence, did not understand how a wet panel could malfunction. "This ignorance of the workings of the ballast control equipment . . . led to action which contributed to, rather than prevented, the loss of the rig."

Regarding the loose approach of the industry and the regulatory bodies, especially toward evacuation and rescue systems, the commission's recommendations are not as strong as the facts in its report seem to warrant. Stronger stuff, however, is expected in the second report, due in March, on the commission's broader investigation of offshore safety. But between the lines the present report suggests that the sort of self-regulation the industry has been lobbying for would be less than adequate, given its record.

The inquiry will be one of the longest-lived and most expensive royal commissions in Canadian history. It has a staff of 29, including six commissioners at $50,000 a year. It has been criticized for its cost — $13 million, to be shared equally by Ottawa and Newfoundland. However, the bulk of that has gone for the complicated model tests of the rig and its ballast system and the examination of equipment retrieved from the wreck. As the hearings dragged on and on, the commission began to look strangely like a permanent monument to the disaster it was probing.

But without its painstaking study, the commission could not have written the story of the *Ocean Ranger* with a credibility that surpassed that of the previous reports. Compared to the billions governments and oil companies expect to reap from the oil under the sea, $13 million to prevent future loss of life may be a bargain.

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Salmon could stay all winter if they got cod antifreeze

Salmon must migrate to warmer climates in winter because they'll freeze. Scientists have transferred genes that produce a natural antifreeze from cod and other hardy species into salmon in order to facilitate fish farming. Will it work?

by Pat Roche

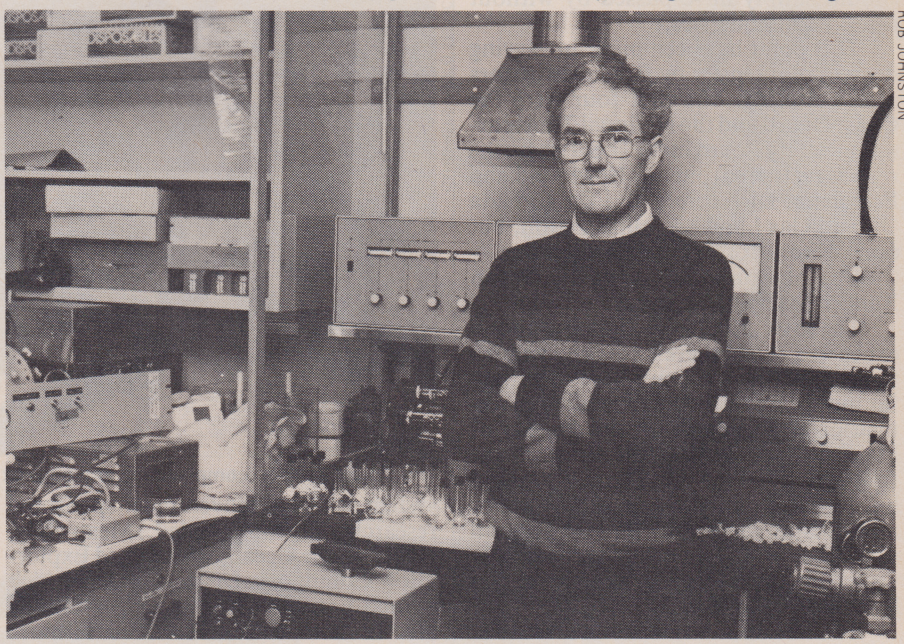
A salmon egg is placed on a glass plate. Watching through a microscope, a scientist carefully pierces it with a hollow glass needle much thinner than a human hair. The injection device is so sensitive that it pushes the needle through the egg's "shell" without piercing the yoke inside. A trigger is pressed, and a tiny drop of solution containing copies of a special gene is squirted into the egg.

Scientists involved in this project at Memorial University's marine sciences research lab near St. John's hope the gene will produce salmon that make their own antifreeze. That would allow the fish to survive off Atlantic Canada in the winter, when the water temperature can drop below minus one degree Celcius (sea water freezes at about minus two.) As it is, the Atlantic salmon must migrate to warmer water in the winter to avoid becoming solid chunks of frozen fish.

How do fish that stick around here all winter survive? Scientists have found that an antifreeze protein is secreted into the bloodstream of fish like cod and winter flounder as winter approaches. Transferring a gene that regulates antifreeze production in such fish to the Atlantic salmon would, scientists hope, result in a breed of salmon that could be farmed in the ocean anywhere off Canada's East Coast.

The easiest and cheapest way to raise salmon, once they have hatched and started to mature in fresh water incubators, is to transfer them to cages in the ocean. There is adequate salt water, it's cleaned naturally and the fish grow better. But freezing winter temperatures are a major obstacle to salmon farming off much of the East Coast.

While the water temperatures cannot be altered, scientists hope that the fish can be. So a few years ago, with funding from the Banting Foundation and the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council of Canada, physiologist Dr. Garth Fletcher and biochemist Dr. Choy Hew (now a professor at University of Toronto) began the gene-splicing experiment at Memorial University's marine lab.



ROB JOHNSTON

Dr. Garth Fletcher: can salmon reproduce antifreeze?

Dr. Hew and Dr. Peter Davies, a molecular biologist at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., had already isolated a gene that produces antifreeze in the winter flounder. Once a gene has been isolated, scientists can make enough copies for thousands of injections. To do this they enlist the help of a common little bacterium called *E. Coli.* Bacteria are

good at incorporating foreign DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid — a complex molecule present in all living organisms and whose segments, or genes, determine all hereditary traits) into their own genetic structure. Bacteria reproduce quickly, with cells dividing every few hours, which allows many copies to be made in a short period.

Once reproduced, the desired gene is isolated by scientists from the rest of the bacteria's DNA. It is placed in a saline solution, which is injected into the eggs around the time of fertilization. This is also done in the lab.

When the first salmon eggs were injected at Memorial's marine lab in November, 1982, none of the eggs hatched. The injection technique was refined and, a year ago, hundreds of eggs were injected at the marine lab and at the Atlantic Salmon Foundation's hatcheries at St. Andrew's, N.B. This time the team had better luck. About 1,000 of the eggs injected at St. Andrew's and 300 injected at Memorial are now young salmon.

Now two crucial questions have to be answered: do the injected salmon have the antifreeze genes of flounder or cod? and if so, will they be activated?

The second question might be answered when the salmon are mature enough to have their blood sampled. If they have the gene and it is active, they should make antifreeze under simulated winter conditions (colder water and less light). To find out if the salmon have the gene, about 60 fish will be killed and sent to Dr. Davies at Queen's for analysis before the end of the year.

"Statistically, it's assumed that if about one per cent of them have the gene . . . we'd have to take about 60 samples to give us a 50-50 chance of finding one of that one per cent," Dr. Fletcher says. When the salmon grow big enough, samples for analysis can be clipped from the fins of living fish, which are then tagged.

Meanwhile, two related experiments conducted last summer produced encouraging results.

At Memorial University, Dr. Fletcher injected antifreeze protein from the winter flounder into some trout. These were then placed in a tank with trout that had no antifreeze, and the temperature was lowered. The result: trout without antifreeze perished at least half a degree Celcius before those that had it. The experiment proved what was always assumed, but was never previously demonstrated: that the antifreeze protein works without first having to interact with some mechanism in the winter flounder.

And at Queen's University, Dr. Davies transferred the antifreeze gene to a fruit fly. Although it was not immediately known whether the gene would work in the fly, the experiment proved — for the first time — that the antifreeze gene can at least be transferred from one complex or "multicellular" organism to another. "The technology behind getting it into the salmon may still be more difficult," Dr. Fletcher says, "but this is, at least, one more step in the right direction."

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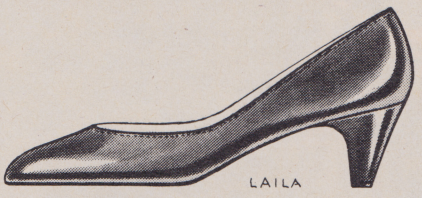

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JAMES WILSON

Atlantic crafts come of age

Practitioners of "the gentle art" of handcrafts are having to sharpen their business skills in order to survive in these rough economic times. Adversity, some say, is helping the crafts community to mature — as artists and as entrepreneurs

by Ralph Surette

Handcrafts are a gentle art. They derive from ancient traditions. Part of their appeal is that they embody values and methods that don't change very much. The article made caringly by hand carries with it a resistance to the impersonal and inhuman forces of modern mass production. Crafts may be called a democratic art, their production as well as their purchase being available to the many.

Against this serene side of crafts, however, there's a jarring note. Crafts are a business as well as an art. "The crafts person has become a business person — and that's essential," says Jean Shumate, crafts and business person from Murray River, P.E.I., echoing a common feeling in the crafts community in Atlantic Canada. "Some people do exquisite work but know nothing about running a business. They can't sell their product, and that's deadly."

Crafts, in short, are facing the pressures felt by most other forms of business: economic sluggishness, rising costs and tough markets. On the marketing side, many of them are facing competition from "craft-type" items mass-produced in Taiwan and Korea.

And crafts are a substantial business in the Atlantic Provinces. As much as $20 million worth are produced each year, made by as many as 6,000 people (although probably fewer than 1,000 make crafts full-time). From hide clothing made up the coast of Labrador, as it has been for millenia, to advanced ceramics and high fashion in the south, there's a staggering array of products crafted in wood, clay, fabric, metal, bone, wool, glass, stone, leather and so on — giving proof that the inventive instinct is alive on the East Coast.

The people who make these items are coping with economic pressure in different ways, depending on their craft. Those whose raw materials and associated costs are high are having the worst time of it. Mae Wareham of Arnold's Cove, Nfld., for example, has had as many as 20 people working for her, knitting fishermen-type sweaters of various patterns. This year she had half that, and now is thinking of cutting back to herself and two or three others — to just filling mail orders that come in from here and there in North America. The cost of exhibiting at craft fairs — her main sales outlet — has gone up, as has the cost of raw wool, which she gets from Prince Edward Island. Meanwhile sales are sluggish with the rest of the economy, but she says, "I haven't been able to put prices up for three years."

On the other hand, Herb Leavitt, who has been making bird's-eye maple giftware

TOP: Sarah Crimmins in her shop: the challenge is to beat the manufactured stuff

at Alberton, P.E.I., for 30 years says he has not felt any pinch. His sales have remained good but, importantly, his raw material is cheap. Bird's-eye maple, which he gets from New Brunswick, is just ordinary maple that has been given its dots or "bird's eyes" by an obscure virus. Blacksmith Jonathan Little of East Dover, N.S., is in the same position. "I can pick up a few pieces of scrap from my shop floor and turn it into a $400 item," he says, adding that his life is easier than that of his craft friends in downtown Halifax who "have bills to pay." Potter Sarah Crimmins of Rothesay, N.B., says she and her husband, Allan, still sell all they can make, but states ominously, "raw materials have shot up, but we can't raise prices." Silversmith Brigitte Clavette of St. Andrews, N.B., whose husband, Ken, is a goldsmith, says jewellers seem to be doing okay. "I think we're lucky," she says.

"I think to a certain extent the popularity of crafts has peaked," says Marie Palmer, co-ordinator of Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen, the province's crafts council. "There was a point in the late sixties and early seventies when craft-type items became popular. Demand outstripped supply. Now demand has basically been met — coupled with a downturn in the economy."

George Fry, director of crafts for the New Brunswick government, says the sluggishness in sales is basically in the stores, which are holding smaller stocks than before. Direct sales, especially at crafts festivals, have not decreased, he says. But he points out too that the downturn coincides with the maturing of many East Coast crafts people for whom crafts represented an alternate life-style in the late 1960s. "Now a lot of mature people are questioning where to go next." For some who are expanding their business, "it's very frightening — they're becoming employers!" And tighter markets mean they have to diversify their production, says Fry.

Jean Shumate, for one, agrees. She and her husband, Alexis, were known primarily for their wooden toys. "But now people are making them all over Canada." With eight employees at peak, the Shumates are now into codbox designs, feedbag pillows and a number of other things. "If you stay with the same thing you'll die with it," she says.

In fact, the search for new designs is part of the strategy of survival for many crafts people. "We're always pushing our kids to design, design, design," says Fry, also director of the New Brunswick Crafts School in Fredericton.

Grace Lockyer, head of a group of 13 called the Placentia West Matmakers of Placentia West, Nfld., suffered a drop in sales this year and believes that design is both the problem and the answer. She's working on new ones for the group's Newfoundland-motif wall hangings and mats. "The economic slowdown may have had something to do with it, but in our case it's mainly designs," she maintains.

ALBERT LEE

Blacksmith Little: low costs and a country lifestyle

ROB JOHNSTON

Mae Wareham: rising cost of wool means fewer knitted sweaters

In Halifax, a boutique called "Clique," which sells handmade high-fashion clothing from a dozen or so Nova Scotia producers, opened only this summer, but already has created a small sensation. Shop owner Carole Carey-Campbell ascribes this to Halifax having become "more sophisticated" in the past few years. The boutique sells garments in painted silk, fine wools and cottons, and other materials. One person, according to Carey-Campbell, said, "The last time I saw a shop like this was in Paris."

In many cases, better designs are meant to beat competition from "craft-type" items that are actually manufactured. Sarah Crimmins says this started in the late sixties when crafts became very popular and drew imitators, especially of the earth-toned pottery of the time. Her

RICHARD FURLONG

Jean Shumate and husband Alexis: "the crafts person has become a business person"

struggle now is to beat the manufactured stuff, to produce something unique, useful and competitive in price. And colorful — the dull tones of the back-to-the-earth days don't sell any more, she says.

The perfect example of an imitation craft-type item is the Cabbage Patch doll, says Fry. It was originally handmade, but now is machine-made in Taiwan with machine-made individuality. "It's happening very much in clothing too. Something may be designed in Montreal and produced in Korea very cheaply. At this fall's Gift Show in Toronto, I'm told there was a lot of machine quilting." It underlines the fact, he says, that, to keep afloat, "the craftsperson must always be working in high quality design."

Craftsmanship is the original way of making things. As such, the story of crafts in Atlantic Canada is as old as the human presence on the East Coast. In much the same way as the original peoples, the white settlers handcrafted much of what they needed, especially clothes, quilts, mats and other articles made from fibre. Stemming from this tradition, the domination of fibre-based crafts is still a fact in the Atlantic Provinces (and in Canada as well). This is especially so in Newfoundland and Labrador, where, says Gail Squires, secretary of the Newfoundland and Labrador Crafts Development Association, most crafts are aimed at "keeping the weather out."

Provincial governments took an official interest in crafts as an economic activity starting with New Brunswick in the 1930s. During and after the Second World War, people such as Ivan Crowell in New Brunswick and Mary Black in Nova Scotia were hired by the provinces to promote crafts and became seminal figures in craft development.

The provinces have been attentive to crafts in recent times and have supported crafts councils and educational facilities. The New Brunswick Crafts School is the only school in Canada dedicated entirely to crafts. There are craft studies at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, Holland College in Charlottetown and the Bay St. George Community College at Stephenville. The provincial culture departments in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland have courses as well.

The provinces have also become involved in marketing. The four provinces and their craft councils have sponsored a two-year travelling exhibition of Atlantic crafts, — visiting Canada and the United States — that *Canadian Living* magazine has called "the most ambitious undertaking of its kind yet to take place in Canada."

But the most significant development in recent decades was the inrush of young crafts talent some 15 years ago. These were mostly newcomers or returnees to the region, who brought new skills and enormously enriched and stimulated the crafts mosaic of the East Coast. The revival occurred in most corners of the region, including among the Acadians, says Brigitte Clavette, who has been travelling to craft exhibitions in Quebec City on behalf of Acadian crafts people. Acadian crafts are being discovered in Quebec, she says.

It is this generation of crafts people that is now maturing — and with it so is the crafts industry of Atlantic Canada, regardless of present economic difficulties.

A craftsman par excellence

Ivan Crowell is best known for his pioneer work in pewter, but his influence has inspired a whole generation of crafts people

by Denise Brun

No discussion of crafts in the Atlantic Provinces would be complete if it failed to mention Dr. Ivan H. Crowell, a man whose influence has touched the lives and careers of a whole generation of crafts people.

Best known for his pioneer work in pewters in New Brunswick, Crowell's typically self-effacing description of himself as "just a craftsman" does him an injustice, for his life has been characterized by an enthusiasm that reveals an indomitable creativity.

Born in Caledonia, N.S., in 1904, Crowell's early years were spent teaching manual training (now called industrial arts) to young people. A graduate of the University of New Brunswick, Crowell spent the depression years furthering his academic achievements. "I couldn't get a job, but I could always get scholarships," he chuckles as he recalls those days.

It was while studying at Harvard University that Crowell noticed a phenomenon which troubled him enough to want to change it. "Many students were working their way through Harvard doing menial tasks such as mowing lawns and babysitting, and I thought what a tremendous loss of talent that was, especially for those who had to drop out," he says.

Later, as a professor at McGill University, Crowell found himself responsible for getting jobs for students and he decided to seek a more lucrative and challenging occupation for his charges. His own hobby was wood turning and he approached the students with the idea of teaching them how to make articles for sale. It was the first indication of Crowell's unique ability to combine his creative flair with a keen business sense.

"I approached the manager of Eaton's and he was interested and offered to buy the wooden egg cups, bowls and so on we made. The amount he offered was a considerable improvement on what the students had been earning, so I was delighted."

With his background in crafts, Crowell gravitated towards a new career in that field and in 1946 he became director of handicrafts for New Brunswick, a position he held until his retirement in 1969. Eager to channel his considerable energy into something creative, Crowell began to seek a new hobby.

DON JOHNSON

Ivan Crowell: an indomitable passion for crafts

"I wanted to do a craft because I loved making things and I was looking around for something that no one else had done. I tried glass and then I heard of this stuff called pewter." The rest is history. After taking a course in pewtersmithing in Connecticut, he "just fell in love with the metal." It was a love affair that was to have ramifications far beyond anything he could ever have imagined when he had first decided to look for another "hobby."

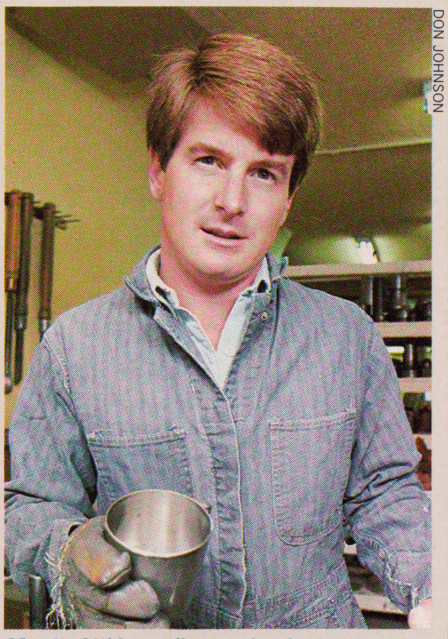
After two summers spent in the pewter factories of Birmingham, England, Crowell began working with pewter in the spare room of his Fredericton home. He would have been less than satisfied had he not also decided to research the history of pewter — an alloy of tin, copper and antimony — from the time of its discovery by the Romans in AD 200.

In an effort to ascertain who the first pewtersmiths in Canada were, Crowell visited the Saint John Museum, the oldest museum in Canada. To his amazement he discovered that the pewter they had on display had all been brought over from Europe by early settlers. None of it had actually been cast in Canada.

Unable to find any record of early Canadian pewtersmiths, he decided to proclaim that he was in fact Canada's first pewtersmith. "I was quite convinced that someone would come forward and challenge my claim and tell me that their grandfather had been the first pewtersmith, but it never happened." That was in 1969 and, to date, Crowell's claim remains unchallenged.

Inevitably, Crowell's passion for pewtersmithing was contagious and he soon acquired students who worked alongside him in his studio to learn the craft. People came from all over the eastern United States and Canada. An Inuit came from the Northwest Territories. Some who came were hobbyists, but many others went on to make their own livelihoods as pewtersmiths.

Martin Aitkin of Fredericton was Crowell's third student. He built on his initial grounding by visiting pewter plants in the United States, operations where the



DON JOHNSON

Martin Aitkin: rediscovering lost arts

craft had been passed down from generation to generation. Aitkin has worked hard to refine the more traditional methods of his craft. "There are many things in arts and crafts that have been lost or just put on the back burner. Pewter has always been traditionally cast and spun and I wanted to refine these techniques to discover how to cast and spin pewter properly."

Aitkin has won numerous awards for his craft, and was the first North American to receive the United Kingdom's prestigious Royal Society medallion for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. Today, he is the most productive pewterer in Atlantic Canada. He has recently opened an expanded studio and retail shop in downtown Fredericton.

According to Aitkin, it was Crowell's practical approach to the business of crafts that was instrumental in springboarding pewtersmiths into businesses. "One day you weren't in business and the next day you were, so you quickly learned the art of business. Dr. Crowell has spawned about eight shops of various sizes throughout the region."

Greg and Suzanne Amos of Amos Pewterers in Mahone Bay, N.S., spent six months with Crowell at his studio in 1973

DOWNTOWN DEVELOPMENT (FREDERICTON) INC.

Tapestry is Crowell's new love

after they were married. They liked the idea of getting into a business they could work at together. According to Greg Amos, Crowell actively encouraged his students to look upon their craft as a means of earning a living rather than just a hobby. He suggested they sell what they made.

"After the first month of intensive learning, we could do what we wanted. It was very business-oriented and gave us an opportunity to do things in a more dollars-and-cents way." It was this unique kind of creative and practical initiation that was instrumental in ensuring the success of those who, like the Amoses, went on to establish their own businesses after working with Crowell.

As for the man who regenerated all this interest in pewter, he finally decided to sell his own flourishing pewter business in Fredericton and retire for the second time at the age of 76. Still as enthusiastic as ever, Crowell was not idle for long — he soon found another passion on which to lavish his attention. "I had nothing to do for a day or two and I came across some drawings of Micmac Indian legends and suggested to my wife that I might like to get back into weaving."

DON JOHNSON

Aitkin's award-winning pewterware

The results were predictable. The hobby grew into a variety of projects, such as a series of tapestries for the University of New Brunswick, two tapestries of the coat of arms of the University of King's College in Halifax and, more recently, 27 tapestries depicting the history of Fredericton.

Fredericton's first recipient of the Order of Canada is now 80 and looking forward to his next project: a series of tapestries illustrating the history of the Acadian people. "It should take me about four years. My eyesight is still marvellous, so I will continue as long as I can." Meanwhile, the legacy of Ivan Crowell's love affair with pewter continues to flourish in the studios of a whole new generation of pewtersmiths in the Atlantic Region.

Northern crafts: Grenfell starts afresh

by Peter Gard

Turn-of-the-century medical missionary and philanthropist Wilfred Grenfell happened on the idea of marketing handcrafts almost by accident. It was Grenfell's habit to pick up "curios" in Newfoundland each summer to be used the following winter as drawing cards for his fund-raising tours of the British Isles and the United States. After his lectures, he would put the curios up for sale.

The curios — little ivory carvings of dogs and seals, models of kayaks, soapstone lamps, snowshoes, hooked mats and beadwork — sold briskly and it did not take Grenfell long to realize that he had discovered a means to bring money into Newfoundland and Labrador's more isolated settlements.

By 1906, Grenfell's curio business had become so hectic that he hired a full-time director, Jessie Luther, to give it a proper business footing. Luther had a reputation in the United States as a ground-breaking occupational therapist, and was also an accomplished potter and weaver. Luther spent 10 years in all commuting between her Newfoundland sources and her New England buyers. Although her weaving, pottery and silversmithing schemes came to naught, by 1916 she had successfully established a New England market for Grenfell hooked mats.

Grenfell recruited his volunteer administrators from all over the British Isles and North America. Welsh, Scottish, English, German and North American artists interacted with Inuit, Indian and outport crafts people, creating a remarkable mixture of ethnic influences.

"Different cultures have different visual languages," says crafts historian and jeweller Colleen Lynch, of St. John's, who has organized an 80-year retrospective of Grenfell crafts to be opened this spring at the Newfoundland Provincial Museum. "Grenfell hooked mats are a good example. The techniques and colors are local in their origin. However, the designs are based on New England sensibilities and the material was changed to allow for a more detailed design."

Hand-hooked Grenfell mats

Jessie Luther had found in her travels that New Englanders were keen on picture mats. She convinced her Newfoundland matmakers to abandon their traditional designs in favor of picture mats full of local color. The result was an imaginative, but not indigenous, product.

Lynch thinks that excessive concern for markets eventually hurt the International Grenfell Association's handcraft operations. "As a crafts person," she says, "I believe it's important not to let the market dictate your aesthetic."

Following Confederation in 1949, welfare, family allowance and unemployment payments encouraged a decrease in the firm's large pool of pieceworkers. Production fell so much that it became impossible for Grenfell Handicrafts, the association's craft branch, to supply its carefully nurtured foreign markets. During the sixties, Grenfell designs — including the well-known Grenfell duffle parkas — stagnated at a time when crafts elsewhere were prospering. "They lost their initiative, their imagination, their direction," says Lynch. "They lost the sense of what was good in their past." Today Grenfell Handicrafts is a quarter-million-dollar industry in the throes of a crisis.

This past spring, sensing a need for change, the International Grenfell Association turned Grenfell Handicrafts over to a local interest group in St. Anthony. The new store manager, Nina Walker, is optimistic that Grenfell Handicrafts will weather the storm. "Grenfell Handicrafts means a lot to local crafts people," says Walker, who believes the increase in tourism in the region (spurred by the development of the Viking site at L'Anse-au-Meadows) will help rejuvenate the organization.

Lynch agrees. "They took a lot of flak in the sixties," she says, "but they've weathered that bad period."

Crafts and Indian culture: new twist to an ancient tale

There's a large demand for Indian crafts that can't be met because the traditional skills of the Micmacs and Maliseets are dying out. Some younger native people are becoming interested in crafts, but they're using the white man's methods

We make baskets of ash and maple.
Good wood.
Intricate designs, carefully woven,
nothing crude,
Perfection binding.
Women of peace,
We weave each day.
—Rita Joe, Micmac poet

by Denise Brun

Crafts have a central role in the heritage of native people. What we now call craftsmanship was, since time immemorial, the only method of work. Now, however, the pride of work in such things as basket making, so delicately evoked by Rita Joe, is something many younger Indians see as reinforcing an old-fashioned stereotype they would rather forget.

This is a problem for Indian culture in its never-ending struggle to find firm footing in a world taken over by the white man. It's also, ironically, a problem for those who sell Indian crafts — they can't get enough to meet the demand. Young Indians may reject that part of their heritage, but white people — notably tourists — can't seem to get enough of it.

There's an additional twist: some young Indians *are* coming around to crafts again — but applying the white man's methods to the ancient products. This year a third of the first-year students at the New Brunswick Crafts School, for example, are Indians.

Ironically, the primary purpose of all native crafts was functional and the esthetic quality of the adornment they chose was a highly personal statement of the creator's individuality. Crafts were never perceived as "art" by Indians until they were defined in these terms by Europeans. The fact that Indians did not see themselves as artists is evident by the lack of any word in many Indian languages for "art" or "artist." Today, there is a constant demand for all kinds of Indian crafts which retailers are helpless to satisfy.

Ray Sark, who operates a crafts store in Charlottetown called Indian Arts and Crafts of North America, is hard put to find local merchandise to supply his business so he buys stock all over North America. "In June I had close to 1,800 baskets in the shop, now it's down to about 100. Baskets are the big sellers — they're made of ash and maple and each one is individually made." He carries other crafts and gets a regular supply of jackets, dresses and moccasins from about 10 people from a nearby reserve. He retails to people all over North America but mainly to tourists from the eastern United States as far south as North Carolina. He buys year-round in an attempt to keep his inventory up.

Sark laments the fact that not enough young people are being trained to learn the crafts that have been passed down from their forefathers. He says young people prefer fast make-work programs from government to "making a basket which may take them all day and only earn them about $15.00." Sark remembers the time when the traditional baskets were used by potato farmers all over P.E.I. and they were used by Indians in trade with farmers for beef, pork or vegetables. Today, the baskets are mainly used by gardeners.

Kerry Quinn, market development officer for the Prince Edward Island Development Agency, finds it constantly frustrating that he is unable to satisfy the demand for Indian crafts. "We had a promotion at one time which involved giving away food baskets. The baskets we used were made by Indians and people just went crazy over them, but we just could not keep up with the demand for them."

The problem is one of clashing cultural values. The crafts of the Micmac and Maliseet Indians of the Maritimes, which are so highly prized today, are an expression of a deep-rooted respect for the environment that sustained the native peoples.

Birchbark was used to make items as diverse as dishes, ladles and canoe bailers as well as baskets. Other tree barks, such as cedar and basswood, were also used, as were rushes and reeds, as well as Indian hemp and sweetgrass. Feathers, shells and quills decorated everything from clothing to other small items. Until the introduction of aniline dyes by the Europeans, dyes were derived from natural sources, such as vegetables.

Most Indian artists were not trained in the formal sense, yet some tribes trained artists who made their living by creating objects for their relatives or for sale outside. To the Indian artist, time was relatively unimportant. It still is.

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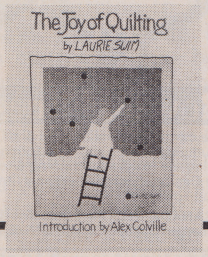

By LAURIE SWIM

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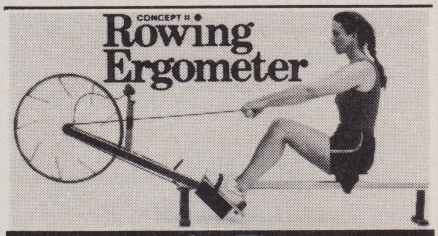

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But the influences which have shaped native art over the years have now been reduced to one — that of the largely white culture which buys the product.

Ray Sark recalls the time when a tourist happened to be in his store at the same time as one of his Indian suppliers and asked how long it took to make a basket. The Indian paused for a long time and then, after some reflection, responded laconically: "Well, it takes a while for that tree to grow . . ." It is the same mentality that Bill Paul encounters frequently in his attempts to liaise effectively between his own native people and the bureaucrats who want to set up training programs to preserve Indian crafts. Paul is the New Brunswick representative on the federally supported Atlantic Regional Arts and Crafts Co-operative. "They just don't understand that you can't work out how long it takes to make a quillbox. They want to say that if it takes so many hours then we should have X number of boxes by the end of the week. It doesn't work this way. Basket making, all these things are very tedious occupations. It is meticulous work, not something you can just churn out. A quillbox is a work of art."

COURTESY THE N.S. MUSEUM

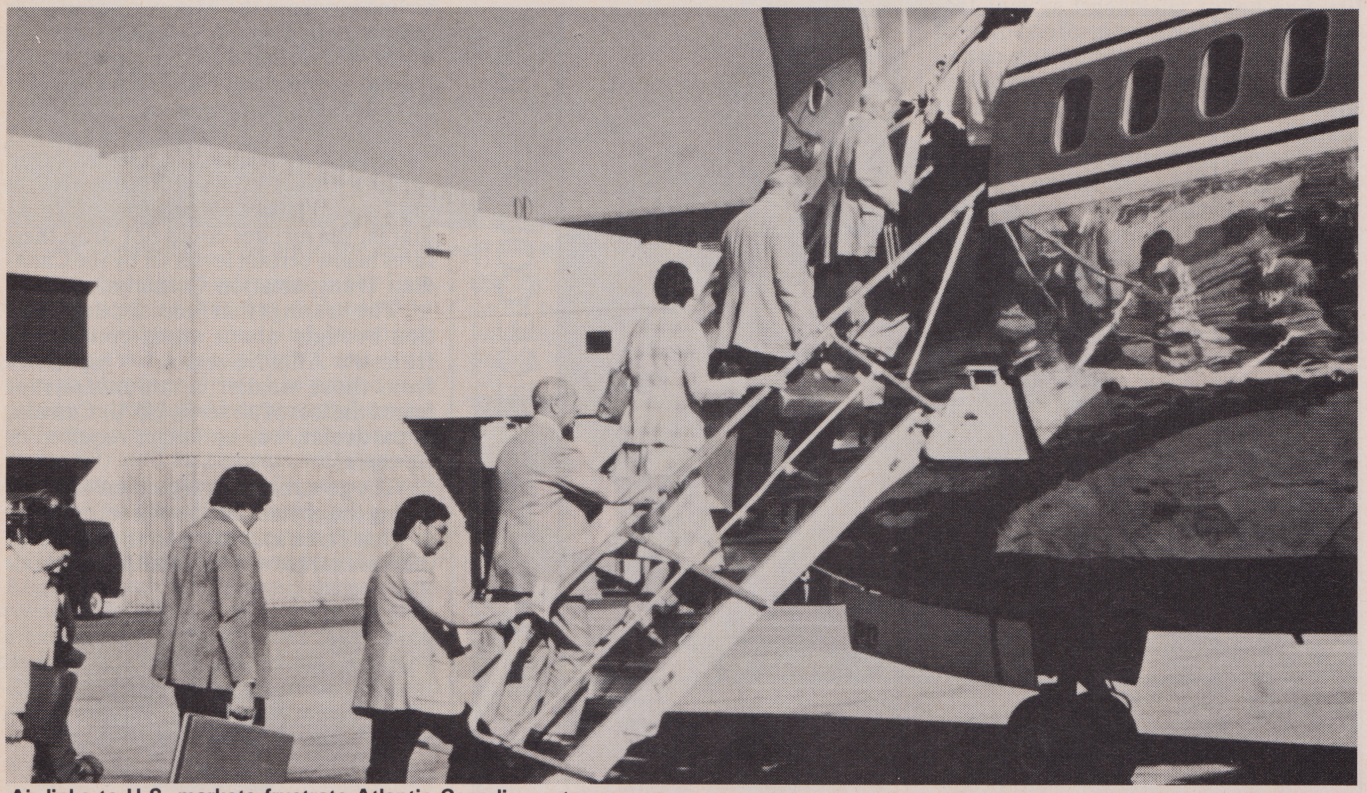
Micmac basket makers, in 1948

Paul is one of four regional field officers responsible for promoting native crafts in the Atlantic Provinces. At present the retail outlets for the area are supplied by about 30 Micmac and Maliseet native people but Paul is concerned that his sources may soon dry up. "The only people who are making crafts now are in their 60s and 70s. I think the skills will be extinct within 10 years. Younger people have not taken the time to learn them. They have been influenced by an affluent society and are more interested in video games — they are ashamed of their culture. There is a stigma attached to basket making that has carried over. We have a real education problem with these young people who are not proud of their heritage."

Trying to change this attitude is an uphill battle for people like Paul. "We are trying to turn this around but do not get much co-operation from the Indian organizations. All they are concerned about is going after the dollars. It's sad that Indians have to fight among themselves." At present, Paul has only three basket weavers in New Brunswick. He describes them as "real artists." "I can look at a basket and know who made it — it's just like the brush strokes of an artist. You can see the character of the weaver in the basket. The colors even reflect the mood that the weaver was in when making the basket."

It is this inherent spiritual dimension which George Fry, director of crafts for New Brunswick, believes will ensure the survival of native crafts. In his role as director of the New Brunswick Craft School, he is encouraged by the large number of native students who are enrolling. He cites the case of one of the school's star pupils, Ned Bear, a young native craftsman who graduated with honors last May, as an example of the future direction native crafts will take. "Ned graduated because he is a bloody good craftsman, not because he is an Indian, "A boy like Ned can do so much for his people because he has done it on our terms but on his terms as well," says Fry. The "revulsion against the old ways" among young Indians is not a rejection of the unique heritage of East Coast Indians so much as it is of the Western-style Indian, concedes Fry. "The new young Indian has come to realize that we on the East Coast were woodlands Indians. We had a special way of life which was different. What our native Indian students have is an intrinsic feel for the creative medium in which they work. Sure, they are learning our techniques but they bring to it their own special magic."

The traditional quillwork and beading which are a trademark of Micmac crafts may not survive the 20th century, but the inherent spirituality of the native people which inspired them will endure. It is through young crafts people like Ned Bear that their heritage will continue to find expression.



Air links to U.S. markets frustrate Atlantic Canadian entrepreneurs

Flights to the U.S. leave business up in the air

For years, frustrated business travellers have demanded direct air links between Atlantic Canada and the U.S. Airlines replied they couldn't make routes profitable. Now some new factors, like deregulation, have entered the equation. Will they solve the problem?

by Ezek Essien

Len Lekborg, head of a Fredericton marketing company, does a lot of business in the U.S. More and more Atlantic Canadian business people are doing that these days — and most have Lekborg's problem: getting there and back, especially by air.

Lekborg solves the problem, unsatisfactorily, by driving. He either drives directly to his destination if it's in New England, or to Bangor if he has to take a plane to more distant American points. If he needs to go to Boston by plane he finds it more convenient to go through Montreal — although it costs more — than to drive to Saint John and pick up a flight there.

Steve Parker, president of a Halifax advertising and communications company, has a similar problem. He says it annoys him that it takes eight hours to get from Halifax to Portland by air. "Certainly, links between Atlantic Canada and Maine should be natural, but it's a very difficult route," he says. He adds that it's understandable that Air Canada would try to "maximize its business" by trying to route East Coast passengers on their way to the U.S. through Montreal and Toronto. But for the traveller it's "very frustrating."

The problem varies with location, but the frustration is generally constant. Airline service within the Atlantic Provinces and, especially, to the U.S. is simply not conducive to good business, according to many of the region's business people. For those to whom time is money, the luxury of flying in, doing business, and flying back again the same day simply doesn't exist in relation to many destinations — for example, Portland or Boston — which are becoming more important to the region's business community.

"Yes, we hear that a lot," says Jeanne Geldart, president of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce. "It seems to be a chronic complaint. The airlines just say there's not enough traffic to justify those routes."

Some frustrated business travellers agree. For example there is "probably not" enough traffic to justify a daily service from Fredericton to Bangor, Len Lekborg says. The problem, however, is not just a matter of links between the smaller centres, but between the larger ones as well, where there already exists some — but not enough — air service.

Steve Plummer is general manager of IMP Aviation and head of a subcommittee of the Halifax Board of Trade on air travel. "We'd like to see an increase in the number of direct flights between here and the New England states — an increase in frequency between Halifax, Boston and points south," he says. "There are strong community and cultural links between Atlantic Canada and New England. We are in the aircraft business and we know it can be done."

Although the complaints have been flowing for years and the airlines — notably Air Canada — have been replying for years that levels of service are dictated by the number of passengers available, new factors have entered the equation. One is that more and more Atlantic Canadian entrepreneurs are looking to markets south of the border — not just in the New England region but beyond. Another is deregulation of the airline industry.

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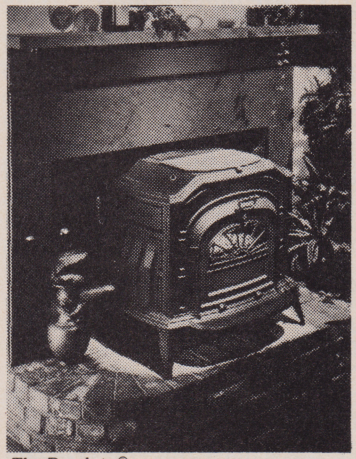

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Deregulation has left the future of airline service in the Atlantic region — as elsewhere in Canada — in an uncertain state. When they were regulated by the federal government the airlines were required to fly to certain non-profitable small towns of which there are many in the Atlantic Provinces. To compensate in part for the inefficiencies that these routes produced, rates were regulated also — that is, the airlines could not drop their fares below certain levels set by the Canadian Transportation Commission.

The hearings that preceded deregulation brought about many complaints from the Atlantic region — especially from those smaller communities that feared the loss of air service if Air Canada, in particular, was no longer required to fly there.

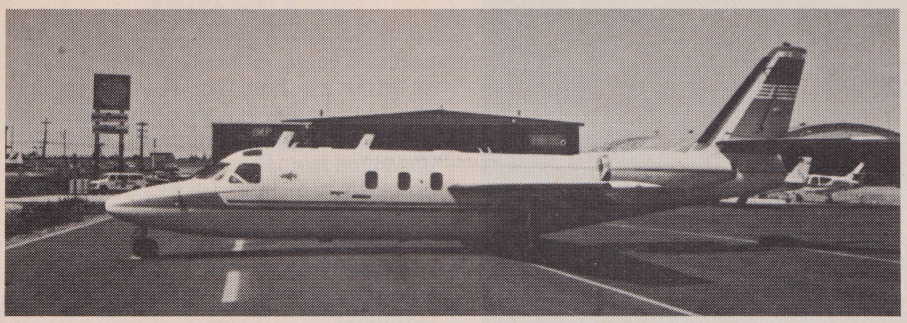
The government's argument was that letting the airlines decide where to fly and at what fares according to the forces of the free market would stimulate competition. This would lead to more efficiency, lower costs and, hopefully, continued service to the small communities on that basis. Whatever routes Air Canada or Eastern Provincial Airways dropped might be picked up by new entrepreneurs, perhaps using smaller planes — and indeed, these entrepreneurs might compete on routes now serviced (although inadequately, in the eyes of the business community) by the established airlines.

DON JOHNSON

Lekborg: driving is an unsatisfactory solution

It's unclear at this point what deregulation will do to air service in the Atlantic region and beyond. The policy, unveiled by former Transportation Minister Lloyd Axworthy last spring, will take another year and a half to implement. However, certain things have been happening.

EPA applied for and got the Sydney-Boston route. Air Canada had the rights to that route but didn't use it. Airlines keeping to themselves such "dormant" routes lost them immediately under the policy. Air Canada had five of them across the country. Apart from Sydney-



IMP Jet Commander: "we are in the aircraft business and we know it can be done"

Boston, another of relevance to the East Coast is a route that was designated to go Halifax-Bangor-Portland-Montreal, but which Air Canada didn't use — although no other airline has picked that one up yet. (Major international routes will remain partially subject to regulation under bilateral agreements with foreign countries; the minister of transport will decide who gets those routes.)

EPA hopes to use the new route as a springboard from Boston to points south. Although Halifax-Boston is the primary route, EPA plans to take a chance with a one-and-a-half hour direct flight from Sydney to Boston using Boeing 737s. Roy Rideout, EPA's vice president of planning, says there's a strong community interest apart from a business one. "There are visits to friends and relatives and so on."

Also, a number of entrepreneurs are thinking of starting up services with small planes on certain routes. One of them is Neil Gardner of Moncton who has been in the process of creating a company called Hummingbird Airlines. Gardner, who was working as a consultant for the Moncton Flying Club, intends to charter five-passenger Piper Navajos from the club at the going rate — for example, $300 to Charlottetown and back. He would charter the planes and the pilots from the club. His company would be responsible for finding the passengers. He says that if he can fill the planes he can charge considerably less than what EPA charges for a Moncton-Charlottetown flight and still make a dollar. He hopes to start on a three-day-a-week basis. After the Moncton-Charlottetown route is established, he would look at Moncton-Bathurst-St. Leonard (Edmundston) next, then at Moncton-Fredericton-Bangor and lastly at Moncton-Saint John-Greenwood (N.S.). Gardner says he had started planning the enterprise before deregulation. But one aspect of it will be particularly relevant to him — if he flies to Bangor he won't need any regulatory permission from either Canada or the U.S. A change to the bilateral air agreement between the two countries exempts service between small border cities and towns from the usual international procedures.

Steve Plummer sees smaller "third level" aircraft as being an economic alternative on major routes as well — notably Halifax to Boston. The 36-passenger Dash-8 and 19-passenger Twin Otter (both of which are made in Canada) as well as the eight-passenger Navajo Chieftain could serve Atlantic Canada-New England routes, especially during the summer period when traffic is light.

Under deregulation, however, people like Gardner will still have to obtain licences to operate. They'll have to show that they're financially sound and will have to conform to certain insurance requirements. Importantly, however, they'll no longer have to demonstrate "public convenience and necessity" in order to be able to fly a new route. That nebulous phrase was the centre of the battles before the CTC whenever an airline applied for a new route — it had to demonstrate that there was a demand for the service. Now the market will demonstrate it.

The policy is intended to bring competitiveness and innovation to the Canadian airline industry. Specifically, it calls for: elimination of price controls over the

AIRLINES

next two years so that airlines can charge as little as they like for air travel; elimination of licence restrictions on routes (EPA, for example, is no longer prevented from flying Moncton-Montreal non-stop); airlines to use transborder routes or lose them, as Air Canada just did to EPA; the possible breakup or privatization of Air Canada to give smaller airlines an equal chance to compete.

Air Canada is understandably nervous about all this. Other airline people in the region, however, are positive, including EPA. "On balance it's something that's overdue," says Roy Rideout of EPA.

In addition to service within the region and to New England, there's the question of links to the U.S. beyond Boston. Here too Air Canada is under some pressure. It flies from Halifax to Tampa, Fla., direct three times a week, but only in winter. The rest of the time connections have to be made in Toronto. Going through Toronto is not only time-consuming but more expensive. Through Toronto it costs $708 return and takes nearly six hours. Direct it takes half that time and costs only about $400. "A lot of people make that complaint — that they're not getting a direct flight south," says Gordon Lummis, executive vice president of the Halifax Board of Trade. One of these people is Keith Cole of the New York Life Insurance Co. who flies Halifax-Florida four to six times a year. The problem, he says, is the two- to three-hour layover in Toronto during off seasons. "The Halifax-Florida route is a three-hour direct flight, the exact time it takes to change planes in Toronto. I would prefer a better service."

Nor does Air Canada have "joint fares" arrangements with American airlines for Atlantic Provinces travellers wishing to go on beyond Boston. Michael Lezama, Air Canada's regional sales manager, argues that there are "no savings for passengers in joint fares" — although service rather than savings is what most business travellers are looking for. EPA's Rideout states that Air Canada has its schedules arranged the way they are because "it's to their advantage to carry people from Halifax to Toronto, and then on to Florida. It's more of a dog-leg. It's also more expensive from the passengers' point of view. Air Canada is claiming they don't want money going out of the country. It's more like they don't want money going out of their pockets."

Some of the well-heeled corporations of the region have solved their transportation problems by buying their own aircraft. For the vast majority of business travellers that option is not possible. Whether deregulation solves their problem remains to be seen. However, unless it is solved doing export business from a base in the Atlantic Provinces will continue to be an activity dogged by delays, inconvenience and expense.

4,000 years ago in Labrador, two alien races suddenly met

The clash of cultures in Labrador is nothing new. Archaeologists are finding evidence that it has been going on for thousands of years

by Lawrence Jackson

What must have been one of the most dramatic events in North American prehistory came about 4,000 years ago when two races, advancing into northern Labrador from opposite directions, met where the awesome Torngat Mountains plunge to the sea. Neither had any way of knowing that there was anyone else on earth.

Trying to recreate such encounters and to see where they led is part of the work of Bill Fitzhugh, a lanky archaeologist from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. Working mostly from clues in the shapes, compositions, distributions and locations of stone artifacts (little else survives in Labrador's acidic soil), Fitzhugh is one of a handful of scientists piecing together a record of nearly 80 centuries of human activity in this isolated region.

It is a record in which the entire written history of the Atlantic coast is only the thin top layer, a span in which chapters of human development are marked by a geological process, the uplift of new land from the sea.

Fitzhugh was back again this year with his son Ben, four other American archaeologists and an authority on precious metals from British Columbia. In the Smithsonian's 35-foot wooden boat, the *Tunuyak,* they made their way north from Goose Bay to Okak, searching for new sites and re-examining old ones, and renewing friendships with the courteous local folk who have helped them in the past.

"Archaeology is the destruction of evidence," says Susan Kaplan, examining an earlier dig at Rattler's Bight. "You have to record everything." Fitzhugh spent two and a half summers here in the early seventies, methodically unearthing stone chips and spear points, hearthstones and gravestones, mapping their positions as he found them. Some of it made no sense for years.

A plover, brooding on a single egg, nests amid the hearthstones of an Indian longhouse 3,800 years old, a structure Fitzhugh didn't recognize until he found others farther north. Three humpback whales, leisurely, gigantic and imponderable, roll and blow in the harbour, gorging on caplin.

Earlier that day, Fitzhugh and Kaplan examined huge stone foundations on nearby Black Island. Once thought to be Norse, these rectangular walls of boulders are now known to have been the homes of Thule Eskimo, ancestors of today's Inuit residents of northern Labrador.

"There's a raging debate about how far south these people went before contact with Europeans," Kaplan remarks. "If we could find more of these farther south, we might settle that."

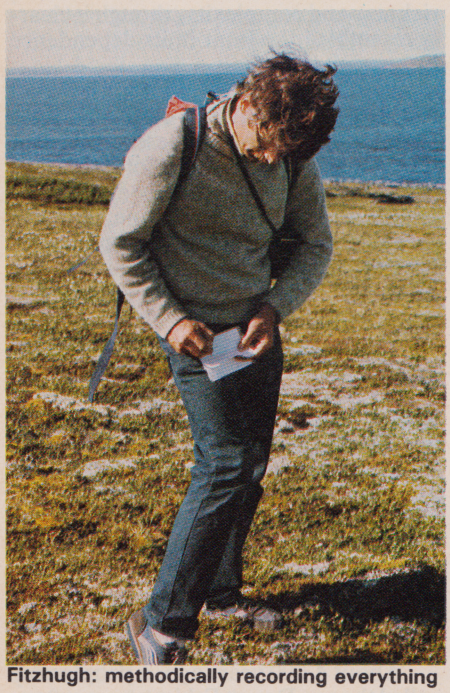
Many of the boulders are immense. "These people are known for their megalithic habits," Fitzhugh explains. (*Megalithic* means "big rocks.") "Around the eastern Arctic they were almost a geologic force."

A geologic force of another kind is evident in the slopes behind him. Much of the coast of Labrador is slowly rising, rebounding from the pressure of millions of tons of glacial ice which began melting about 10,000 years ago. This uplift has created raised terrace beaches, some of them more than 100 feet above today's shoreline. The terraces help to roughly date the camps of prehistoric peoples who lived on the shore.

In the company of archaeologists, sailing north in the *Tunuyak* is a voyage in which the centuries curiously mingle. An immensely prolific ocean and a fierce landscape impose patterns of existence that echo through a bewildering sequence of cultures.

The echo lingers. A rusty fox trap, sprung and empty, idle for the summer, rests on a promontory overlooking a circular pit of boulders, a prehistoric meat cache once filled with seals taken from the swirling tide off Cara Walla, where the channel never freezes.

Hunters use the same spot today. Families of hunters and fishermen from along the coast still move out each summer to the barren islands and headlands which give access to migrating seals, salmon, Arctic char and cod. Many camp on terraces below raised beaches occupied for thousands of years by a succession of Indian and Eskimo peoples



Fitzhugh: methodically recording everything

An Eskimo grave: echoes linger

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who came before.

A harpoon, leaned against the gunwale of an Inuit fisherman's boat chugging past Napatalik Island, duplicates in the cunning shape of its toggle a design used by the Dorset Eskimo whose nearby camp the archaeologists are examining that same day. Harpoon tips, made from an exotic stone quarried 250 miles north, are among the relics they uncover. Though the Dorset camp is perhaps 2,000 years old, the toggling harpoon goes back more than three times that far, to a race of Indians who settled the coast of Labrador as the glaciers of the last ice age melted back.

They are known today as the Maritime Archaic Indians, descendants of mammoth hunters. Following the southern edge of the retreating continental glaciers, they reached Labrador about 8,000 years ago. For nearly 40 centuries, during much of which the climate was probably warmer than today, they had it all to themselves. They developed a culture that Fitzhugh believes might have resembled that of the West Coast Indians in its richness and complexity, though it clearly resembled the Inuit in its dependence on marine mammals.

By about 6,000 years ago they had paddled into the fiords of the Torngat Mountains and found there, at Ramah Bay, a superb new material for their stone tools. Ramah chert, a highly distinctive, grainy and translucent stone, quickly became a central feature of their culture. It was widely traded with groups to the south and is found today in sites as distant as southern New England.

Fitzhugh believes the material took on "a ritual significance" because of its beauty, its exotic source and the overwhelming importance of good weapons in a hunting economy. The Indians were soon making regular summer visits to the area, loading their boats with chert and caribou meat. (Caribou, part of the largest herd in North America, still browse along the shores of Ramah Bay, straying right into the camps of Inuit fishermen who move up in July to fish for Arctic char.)

About 4,000 years ago, a people now called the pre-Dorset Eskimo were expanding eastward across the north. Travelling in skin boats in small groups of two or three families, they carried small, exquisite tools made from quartz crystal and high quality chert flaked by "some of the best flint-working done anywhere," Fitzhugh says.

They found in northern Labrador a country much like parts of the familiar coast of Baffin Island: bleak, sombre mountains rearing straight up from the sea; glaciers reflected in deep fiords; violent, freakish winds. As they came south of the Torngats, life got easier: better harbours, more islands, more shelter, firewood, lots of game. "They had discovered a sort of promised land."

"Then they bumped into these Indians

at their chert quarries. They must have been pretty darn surprised, running into people in big groups, in big boats, probably wearing elaborate clothes, using big tools."

For the Indians, "it would have been totally outlandish to see people coming out of the north," from a forbidding land they could only penetrate in summer and into which they had ventured undisturbed for centuries.

"It must have been very threatening for both groups to meet a totally alien culture, one which lived by harvesting exactly the same resources. They couldn't co-exist."

Yet in a sense they did. Several years ago Fitzhugh was startled to find evidence that the territories of these two peoples had overlapped for several hundred years, until both rather mysteriously disappeared.

What followed was a complex succession of Indian, Eskimo and European cultures that Fitzhugh and his colleagues are still trying to understand. The sequence is clear for the most part, but the relationships are not.

Like a family huddled over a huge jigsaw, different members of the scientific group are studying different parts of the puzzle.

Chris Nagle has been concentrating on "lithics," the study of rocks used for stone tools. Nagle and an associate, Steve Cox, surveyed the west coast of Newfoundland on their way to Labrador this summer, looking for the source of some of the chert favored by Labrador's Dorset Eskimo. In Labrador, they were joined by Stan Leaming, a jade expert from British Columbia who volunteered to help them track down the source of the nephrite also used by the Dorset.

Steve Loring has been concentrating on the Indians, especially on a group known to archaeologists as the Point Revenge culture. He is trying to establish where they came from, where they went and how they relate to contemporary Indians of Labrador.

After years of fieldwork devoted to earlier periods, Susan Kaplan began to concentrate on the response of the Inuit to the arrival of whites. "Archaeology has to start with all the basic questions: who, what, were and when," she says. "After you get that, you can ask the more interesting questions."

Some of the questions are remarkably political. How did the Maritime Archaic Indians defend their access to Ramah chert after Eskimos occupied the north coast? How did the Point Revenge Indians manage the same problem 2,500 years later? Did Indians keep the Dorset Eskimo out of southern Labrador? Were the Point Revenge Indians pushed off the coast by the Thule? How did the Inuit maintain their independence in the face of European commerce and exploration for 200 years?

Today, roughly 8,000 years since the Maritime Archaic people arrived, Newfoundland finds Labrador an awkward land to govern, a place of prickly minorities alien to Newfoundland and to each other. If it's any comfort, the matter has deep roots.

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RALPH SURETTE'S COLUMN

The New/Old Politics and the virtues of do-nothingism

Right and left, liberal and conservative aside, there are basically two kinds of politics — dull and exciting. Dull politics is often held to be a blight, something akin to a social disease. Nova Scotia is thus afflicted, as are Prince Edward Island and Ontario. Exciting politics can be an affliction too, of course — but it's an electrifying one, like nymphomania. Newfoundland, British Columbia and Quebec have it. New Brunswick alternately shows symptoms of both conditions.

In terms of what meets the eye, exciting politics has a considerable edge over the insipid stuff. The announcement of an election in Newfoundland produces vapors of excitement strong enough to lure jaundiced media types from the whisky-drenched fastnesses of the nation's press clubs out into the open where they give off substantial ink. An election in Nova Scotia, on the other hand, rates three paragraphs alongside stories of the "Platypus hatches kiwi egg" variety.

But the times are out of joint and it's easy to be deceived. Just because the politics are dull doesn't mean there's nothing going on — or, to coin an adage, just because there's no smoke doesn't mean there's no fire. Believe it or not, but Nova Scotia may well be on the leading edge of what we may soon be calling the New Politics.

On second thought we may be calling it the Old Politics. But never mind. Like most great discoveries, the New/Old Politics was more or less stumbled upon, partly by accident, partly out of necessity. The person doing the stumbling was none other than Premier John Buchanan.

It happened last spring during the annual provincial trauma, also known as the presentation of the provincial budget. Nova Scotia is in debt up to the bridge of its nose and the unveiling of the budget — that is, the revelation of how much the debt has increased over the year — is the cause of great palpitations in the body politic. For the government the challenge is to stop the deficit from rising — although it manages only to cook the figures to make it appear as though it had stopped rising.

At any rate, having done this Buchanan got to bragging that his was a "stand-pat budget." Probably to his surprise, he got a hearty round of applause. Although this came mostly from the business community there was also a more generalized sense of relief. It was cause for rejoicing that the government was doing nothing in terms of taking new initiatives — at least it wouldn't gum things up even more.

From such inauspicious beginnings the New/Old Politics was born. Buchanan was essentially bragging that his was what used to be called a do-nothing government. From there he went on to launch the election with the statement that the campaign "shouldn't be fought on issues," and went on to proclaim that the provincial economy was doing nicely and that a vote for him was a vote for that to continue. In short, nothing would change save a bit of monkeywrenching here and there.

The significance of all this may not be readily apparent, but actually it's staggering. How long has it been since a government in Canada essentially bragged about doing nothing and was applauded for it? To my knowledge about a hundred years — ever since John A. Macdonald ran for office on the slogan: "The old Party, the old Policy, the old Flag."

> ***"How long has it been since a government in Canada essentially bragged about doing nothing and was applauded for it?"***

Most of the time since then, any government that would have confessed to such sentiments would have been crucified. "Stand-pat budget" and "do-nothing government" have been standard insults from opposition benches for decades and decades.

At the centre of this little phenomenon are public attitudes toward change. Although the human race, from the beginning of organized society, has no doubt hoped for betterment through change in social, economic or political conditions, the very idea of change for its own sake — perhaps "newness" should be the word — never dominated until this century. Ancient traditions were presumed to be more or less fixed for good. The novelties that accompanied the advance of science turned that upside down. Suddenly it was assumed, at least in the industrial countries, that new inventions and advances would change pretty well everything — presumably for the better.

This world-view, which affected politics as well as most other aspects of human affairs, reached a crescendo in the 1960s and '70s. Now that the end result of this rapid-fire change is looming up as a great evil rather than a great boon we are becoming suspicious of change. We want the arms race, acid rain, the greenhouse effect — and government deficits — to stop, not to mention a host of other ills. We are coming to assume that any change is likely to be for the worst. That, in the deeper sense, is part of the meaning of the "new conservatism."

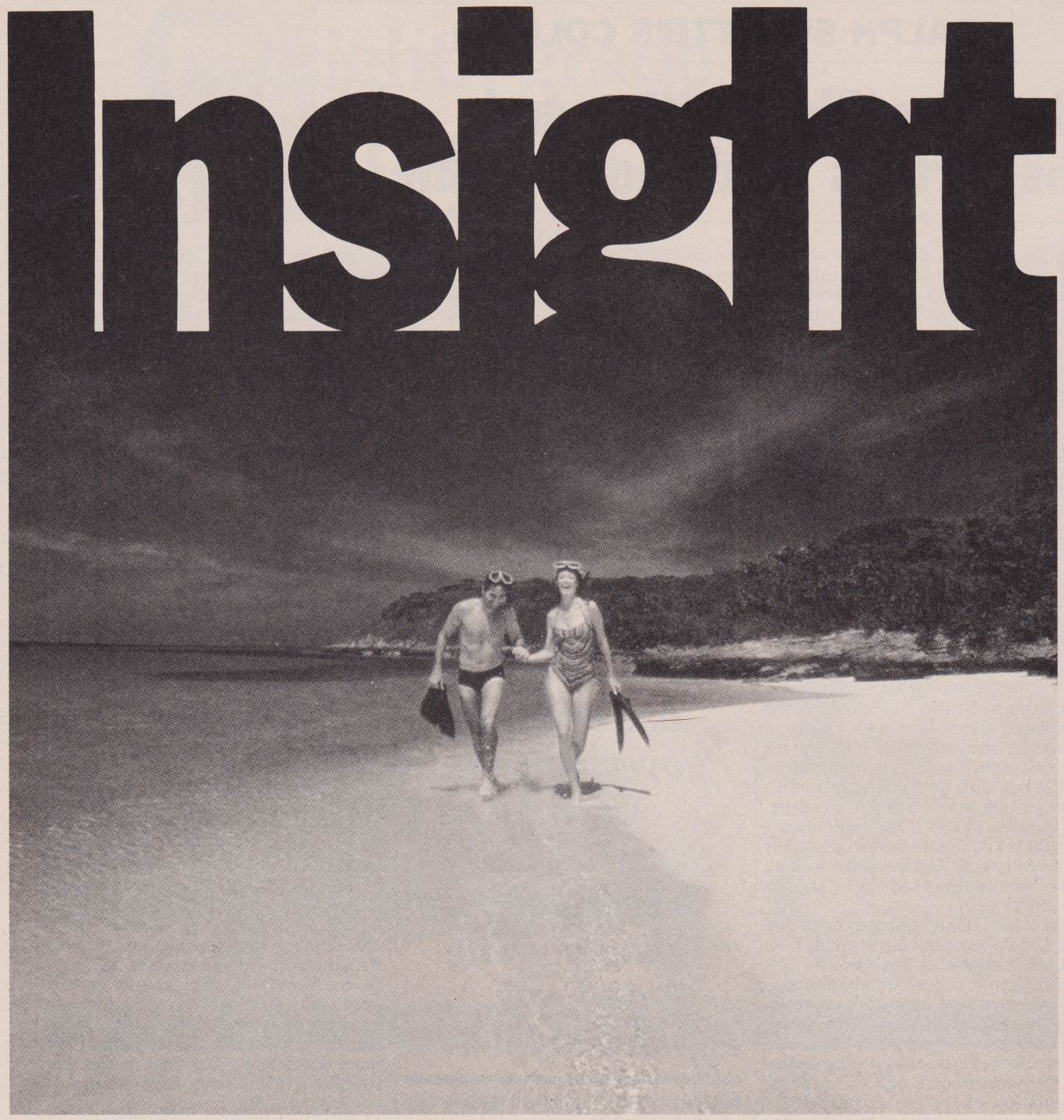
There's also the fact that governments have no money. Without it they are unlikely to change anything for the better. The only changes likely are for the worst — either by cutting services and jobs to pare down their deficits, or by launching new programs and increasing the deficits. Indeed, even if governments do nothing at all the deficits are likely to continue rising, albeit perhaps more slowly than they have been. So even "standing pat" is an illusion. In Nova Scotia last spring, the sigh of relief was not so much that nothing was changing, but that the budget deficit was getting worse less quickly. The New/Old Politics carries with it the implication that public expectations are becoming dangerously thin. To be satisfied that the world is becoming a worse place more slowly than it has been implies that we have given up on positive change.

It implies, for example, that we have given up on bettering our appalling rate of unemployment; that we now accept fatalistically that there's nothing that can be done about it.

The New/Old Politics, in short, is a boon to governments. It's like giving the electorate a valium — deadening its expectations and its social conscience. Governments that have habitually worked so hard to distract people from reality may find themselves succeeding without even trying.

Beneath the calm waters of dull politics there's plenty going on. The separatism, confrontations and high passions that give exciting politics its dangerous allure are not half as menacing as the dead hand of smugness that underlay quiet election campaigns where governments feel they need not talk about issues.

Insight



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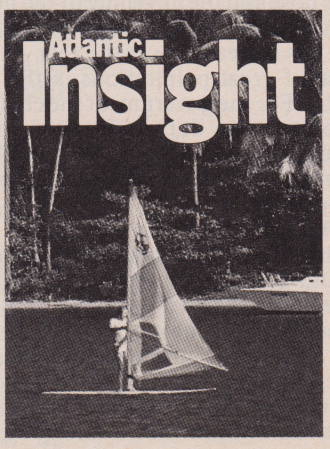

Feliz Navidad

Longing for home and family, the author discovered the spirit of Christmas among the poor in a foreign land

by David Scott

We were all feeling a bit homesick that Christmas Eve in Taxco, Mexico, delighted to be there, but missing the traditional trappings Canadians associate with that greatest of celebrations.

We'd dined lavishly at the hotel, danced to a peppy band on the outside terrace and, reluctant to leave the balmy night air, the two sisters and I were strolling a dimly-lighted cobblestone street through the old village.

DAVID SCOTT

Cobblestone streets, the Santa Prisca church: homemade nativity scenes and a serene Christmas spirit

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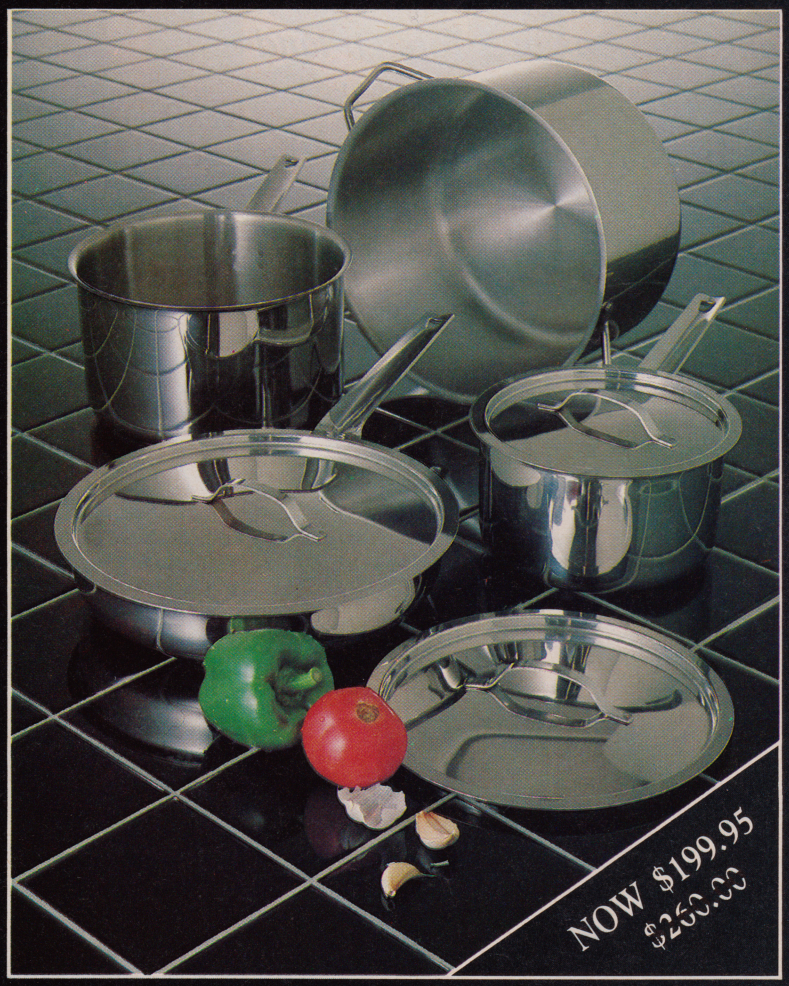

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Moncton Mall

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TRAVEL

Taxco is in south-central Mexico, about 2,000 metres above sea level in the Sierra de Taxco mountains. It's an ancient silver-mining centre, founded in the 1500s, and a popular overnight stop for tourists motoring from Mexico City to Acapulco.

The twin spires of the baroque Santa Prisca church loomed above us, silhouetted by a part moon. At midnight, we had been told, its bells and those of all the churches in Mexico would peal in tribute to the anniversary of the birthday of Jesus Christ. And in homes throughout the country, the oldest child would break open the pinata — a star-shaped papier mâché decoration filled with fruit, nuts and candy.

The cocktails from the dance-floor bar wore off on the hike to the village. Each of us was lost in his or her own thoughts — Christmas-type thoughts in my case, of relatives and loved ones back home in Canada. None of us had spoken a word for two blocks. A cloud had moved across the moon.

We heard footsteps coming up behind us, fast. The sister whose hand I was holding, tensed. I turned, uncertain, to see who was overtaking us.

Panting up the cobblestones was a boy, perhaps 10 years old, and a younger girl. They slowed as I turned, apparently startled at finding strangers on their street. The boy examined us carefully in the dim light, and then his face broke into a bold smile.

"Feliz Navidad," he said, and his companion — prompted by a yank on her arm — murmured the same words. I recalled the words meant "Merry Christmas" in Spanish, and returned the greeting. Interrupting my thoughts as they had, the youngsters' greetings were particularly touching.

I had been jingling some unfamiliar Mexican coins in my pocket as we strolled, and quickly calculated their worth at about 25 cents, give or take a dime.

It couldn't be an ugly tourist gesture, I reasoned, to give these coins — which would otherwise be left as a barman's tip — to the children.

"Amigo," I called, as the pair was leaving. "Feliz Navidad." I held out my hand and clinked the coins.

The youngsters hesitated, but wouldn't come any closer. I moved slowly toward them, and gave each a few coins.

Both were wide-eyed as they examined their bonanza, which — so far as they could tell — had no strings attached. Each said something along the lines of "Gracias, senor."

Then the girl cupped her hands to the boy's ear and whispered something. He replied, nodding his head in excited agreement, walked over and took my hand. He started to lead us down the street.

The sisters with me exchanged concerned looks, but tagged along. The boy, who conveyed that his name was Carlos,

and his sister Maria led us several blocks through the maze of the old village. Outside a doorway in the communal wall, Carlos indicated we should wait. Maria was given instructions, which seemed to be that we should stay put and she should stay with us.

Carlos disappeared through the doorway and we could hear him speaking rapidly. In less than a minute he ducked back outside and grabbed my hand again.

I followed him inside. Carlos' home consisted of one room about 20 feet square. When Maria and the Canadian sisters crowded in, it shrank alarmingly.

It was lighted by one flickering electric bulb in the far corner that must have thrown off all of 20 watts. Even coming from the outside gloom, it took a few moments for my eyes to adjust and take in the details and occupants of the room.

Carlos rattled off a speech during which he displayed the coins I had given him, and concluded by introducing his family to us.

There was mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, and what must have been — by virtue of her wizened features alone — great-grandmother. Several younger brothers or sisters were asleep on a mattress of sorts in a corner.

Carlos' parents and grandparents sat on wooden stools. They were admiring what Carlos and Maria had brought us to see.

The nativity scene occupied about 25 per cent of the room. The figures of the wise men, Mary, Joseph and the Holy Child had been crudely but painstakingly created from papier mâché and painted with watercolors.

The animals in the manger scene were ingeniously crafted of straw tied with string. Brown-eyed baby Jesus lay in a nest of cotton wool in the straw. I thought of the mass-produced nativity scenes with china figurines sold in Canadian department stores for more money than this family would see in an entire year and of the time and care taken by Carlos' family to make and arrange the display.

Carlos pointed proudly to a lamb made of cotton wool, and not to be outdone, Maria shyly pointed to another. These must have been the childrens' contribution — they weren't as skilfully made as the other animals. But that didn't diminish the glow of pride on the kids' faces; each had contributed something.

We admired the display and complimented the children with a combination of hastily recalled Spanish words and many gestures.

After a few minutes we shook hands all around and wished each yet another "Feliz Navidad." Carlos' family thanked us for the coins and we thanked them for a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Then we walked slowly back to our American-style hotel up on the hillside, where the lobby reverberated with Christmas music and the sounds of ice cubes against crystal, and the walls glittered with colored Christmas lights and garish tinsel.

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Réveillon Acadian style

For Acadian families, the traditional midnight supper has remained a central part of Christmas celebrations

by Denise Brun

This year marked the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the Acadian flag at Miscouche, P.E.I., and festivities scheduled to celebrate this event have brought the Acadian people and their heritage into the spotlight as never before.

According to Marie Nightingale, author of *Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens*, the French colonists from whom the thousands of Acadians were descended came out from France between 1633 and 1638. They were farmers who had a deep love for the land and they chose to settle along the banks of the tidal rivers. Most of these pioneers came from the Loire region of France. They brought with them the speech and the characteristics of those

PHOTOS BY PETER BARSS

who inhabited this region in the 17th century, together with their customs, songs, stories, games, and the rest of their folk culture. By the time of the American Revolution, Acadians had begun to settle the Clare region of Nova Scotia and the Chaleur Bay area in northern New Brunswick.

Acadians have always been fond of songs, music, tales and legends and they lovingly preserved this aspect of their heritage. Midnight Mass was the central feature of the celebrations on Christmas Eve. It became the custom to have a midnight supper following the return from church and to celebrate quietly until the early hours of the morning. Frequently, members of the community would congregate at one house to celebrate with their neighbours.

Clara Deveau chopped onions for days and days

The traditional dishes of the midnight supper featured far more meat than daily fare, and the abundant use of potatoes reflected the Acadians' agricultural heritage. It is interesting to note that the traditional rappie pie served on festive occasions was originally created as a by-product of starch making. Being frugal by nature, the Acadians did not want to waste the water from squeezed potatoes, so it was allowed to sit in a bowl so the starch would settle to the bottom. Rather than waste the potatoes, the inventive Acadians created rappie pie. With the same attitude of thrift, the buttermilk that was a by-product of butter making was used to make pies.

At the midnight supper, rappie pie or chicken stew with potato dumplings would be served. Clara Deveau, an Acadian who grew up in Clare in the St. Mary's Bay area of Digby County, recalls the annual chore of preparing onions to make salted onions, an essential ingredient in rappie pie. All Acadians used the green onions from their gardens to put down enough salted onions to last the winter. "I can remember chopping onions for days and days. We used to chop enough to fill a pail," Clara recalls. Generally, enough green onions would be prepared to fill two or three five-gallon crocks. These were then covered with coarse salt and left in the crock throughout the winter. The resulting mixture is very strong but, apparently, adds an incomparable flavor to any stew or similar type of dish.

The religious significance of Christmas remained the central focus of Acadian celebrations. Today, Acadian families like the Deveaus continue to retain the traditional midnight supper as a major part of their celebration of Christmas.

Pork Pie Tourtieres*

1 lb. ground beef
1 lb. ground pork
1 small onion, chopped
1 clove garlic
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup boiling water

Combine the meat, onion, garlic and spices in a large cast-iron or heavy frying pan. Add the boiling water and cook slowly until the meat loses its pink color, stirring constantly. Spread the meat into two uncooked pie shells and top with pie dough. Seal the edges and puncture the crust. Brush the top crust with cream. Bake in a hot oven (450°F) for half an hour. Serve piping hot or keep in the refrigerator or other cold spot until ready to reheat. These pies acquire more flavor when reheated.

Rappie Pie

5 or 6 lbs. fowl or chicken, quite fat
2/3 pail big potatoes
2 medium onions and/or 2-3 tbsp. salted onions
salt and pepper
Note: You will need a grater, and a cloth bag sturdy enough to allow the water and starch to be squeezed through.

Cut up chicken, cover with water and bring to a boil. Add finely chopped onions, salt and pepper. Peel, wash and grate potatoes, noting how much you have in your pan. Squeeze potatoes (in a bag, about 2 cups at a time) until quite dry. Pack in a bowl. When potatoes are all squeezed, loosen them up in a large pan. Add boiling broth from the chicken gradually, stirring slowly. If there is not enough broth, add boiling water until you have as much potato mixture as before they were squeezed. Add salt and pepper to taste. Grease a 17 × 12-inch pan. Spread half of potatoes in the pan. Distribute the chicken evenly over this then cover with the other half of the potato mixture. Bake at 400°F for two hours. Should be brown, crusty and delicious. (If chicken is too lean, melt a piece of fat pork and add to the potato mixture.)

Fricot aux Poutines Râpèes

Generally a chicken stew with potato dumplings, the ingredients of the fricot may vary depending on the region.
1 large chicken (approx. 5 lbs.)
1 cup chopped onions
2-3 tbsp. salted onions (optional)
salt and pepper
4 cups cubed potatoes

Boil the chicken with chopped onions (and salted onions if used) in a large amount of water to yield enough broth for soup. When cooked, remove the meat from the chicken. Add approximately 4 cups of cubed potatoes to the broth and let simmer for about 15 minutes. At this point, add chicken meat to the broth with the poutines râpèes. Simmer covered for approximately 12 minutes (do not lift) cover during this period). Season to taste.

Poutines Râpèes

6-8 medium potatoes
1 grated onion
salt and pepper

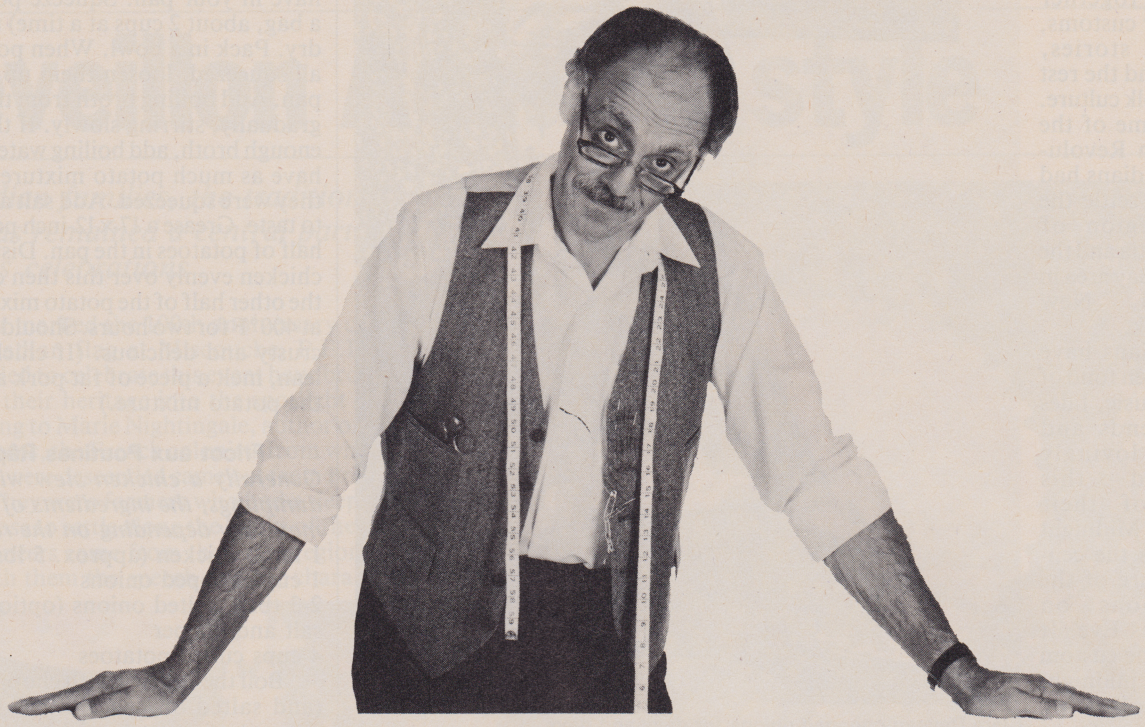
Grate the potatoes. Place in a cloth bag and squeeze the water out by hand. Place the potatoes in a bowl and scald with boiling broth from chicken until the consistency of the mixture thickens. Add salt, pepper and onion. Shape into flat patties or balls.

Buttermilk Pie*

1 cup white sugar
2 tbsp. flour
pinch of salt
2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. butter
2 cups fresh buttermilk (or 1 cup sour buttermilk and 1 cup sweet milk)
1/2 tsp. lemon extract

Combine sugar, flour and salt in the top of a double boiler. Add beaten egg yolks, butter and buttermilk. Cook until thick. Remove from heat and cool. Flavor with lemon extract. Pour into a baked pie shell. Cover with meringue. Bake until delicately brown in a 325°F oven for 10 minutes.

*Recipes from *Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens*, courtesy of Nimbus Publishing Limited.



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Life imitates a movie

The case of General Guenther Kiessling would make a first-rate movie about a Soviet plot to disgrace the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. I'd get Charleton Heston to play the wronged general, and I'd call my film *The Gay Who Came In From the Cold*. Here are the bones of the story, as newspapers told it around the world:

General Kiessling, 58, is such an exemplary German soldier he has become deputy supreme commander of all NATO forces in Europe. Suddenly, for reasons that aren't clear, the defence minister of West Germany, Manfred Woerner — a juicy part for Laurence Olivier — fires Kiessling on New Year's Eve. He also denies him the customary military ceremony for a general's retirement. Press and politicians clamor for an exclamation, but the official word from the defence ministry is only that an earlier meeting of the cabinet minister and the general "established that there was no longer a sufficient level of trust between them." Significantly, however, Woerner adds that Kiessling posed a "high security risk." He'll say no more.

The truth is that a military counter-intelligence agency has been spying on Kiessling's private life, with the result that Woerner now believes Kiessling is a secret homosexual. Homosexuals are prime targets for Soviet blackmailers. What else could Woerner do? Kiessling must go. Meanwhile, certain persons, identified in the press only as "the highest defence sources," leak the news that the counter-intelligence boys have discovered that the good general cavorts in gay bars.

"No opportunity whatsoever was given me to refute these charges," Kiessling declares. "Therefore, on Dec. 23 last year, I asked for disciplinary proceedings to be taken against me." He also said, "Never in my life have I had homosexual contacts of any kind." Can't you just see Heston, with his back ramrod-straight and his craggy face full of rectitude, as he announces that he himself has demanded the disciplinary proceedings? Dynamite, sheer dynamite.

Now we move from Bonn to Cologne, where elegant cathedrals offer scenic footage. It turns out that a cop there, not a military agent but a city flatfoot (Peter Falk? Donald Sutherland?), has found a West German ex-soldier who calls himself "Juergen," frequents gay bars, and happens to be a ringer for the disgraced general. The dicks in Cologne arrest Juergen, question him, let him go. He's the gay who came in from the cold. To save him embarrassment, they don't release his full name. By now, it's Woerner whose career and reputation are on the line. He may have to resign. Heads may roll in the military counter-intelligence agency as well. Is somebody laughing in the Kremlin?

Okay, that's the published story. But my movie would give you the sweating in the White House, the consternation at Whitehall, the sinister master-minding of the whole stinking affair behind the grim walls of the Kremlin. You'd therefore get breath-taking scenes of Washington, London and Moscow, with ominous background music. The decadent fiend in Moscow, who designs the hoax that threatens to embarrass the whole western alliance, is a Kim Philby-Guy Burgess, a seedy, effeminate British traitor who has long since defected to the Soviet Union. Alec Guiness or Dirk Bogarde, if you please.

> ***"My movie would give you the sweating in the White House, the consternation at Whitehall, the sinister master-minding of the whole stinking affair behind the grim walls of the Kremlin"***

We'll need a little history. Heston-Kiessling was a 16-year-old German soldier in Cologne when Allied bombers devastated the city in which the gay lifestyle now threatens his once-honorable career. A flashback records his horror as the bombs of the free world demolish the biggest Gothic cathedral in northern Europe. Olivier-Woerner is a Jew, and another flashback reveals his parents suffering Nazi persecution. Even though he's defence minister, he can't shake his loathing for heel-clicking generals. This makes for delicious tension during his firing of Heston-Kiessling on the night that, around the world, others are singing about old acquaintance being forgot. Man, what irony.

We'll also need some current violence. In search of his mysterious twin, the general wanders from gay bar to gay bar in downtown Cologne, where he once watched the cathedral fall. He violently resists propositions from assorted homosexuals who mistake him for their soldier boy, and catches up with his double only after the KGB, to prevent Juergen's blabbing, has jabbed him with a poisoned umbrella tip. The general stares hopelessly at what appears to be his own dead face. This development eliminates the technical and acting problems that would have arisen if Heston the general had had to interview Heston the gay.

Finally, we'll need some sex, heterosex. There has to be a woman in Heston's life. If she were the stick-by-her-man-through-thick-and-thin type, Liv Ullman would be perfect. But suppose his marriage was already sour. Suppose his wife was bitchy, twitchy, fed up with marching through life as the spouse of an aspiring, holier-than-her army officer. Suppose he's recently shown so little sexual interest in her that she now screams at him that at last the whole world knows the dirty secret behind his bedroom failures with her. The possibilities for a face-scratching, door-slamming scene here are magnificent, and I'd want Mary Tyler Moore in this role.

Heston, in this situation, would obviously need *another* woman in his life. She's a gorgeous, intelligent American reporter who's covering the story for the *Washington Post*. She has suspected all along that it's the creepy Soviets who've engineered the smearing of this deeply noble, heterosexual, German general. Jane Fonda will do. After Kiessling-Heston's name has been cleared, we find Olivier-Woerner drinking heavily night after night in a posh hangout for cabinet ministers in Bonn. Meanwhile, and we're down to the final 30 minutes now, the steamy flirtation between the German general and the U.S. reporter reaches a suitable climax in a hotel room in Copenhagen.

She helps him remove his boots, and the scene provides final proof that the general is more than capable of loving a woman. Still, it is tasteful. This is not a porno film. From the Tivoli Gardens, dazzling fireworks light up the sky outside their window. Take it away, Hollywood. It's all yours, free of charge, but when you roll the credits I wouldn't mind seeing my name up there.

Getting the Maritimes into Maritime schools

Come-from-away textbooks in Maritime schools contain little — or worse, wrong — information about the region. But a publishing house and the three Maritime governments are working to change all that

by Susan McPhee

The lack of Canadian content in Canadian school textbooks has been a sore point since the 1960s. The textbook industry is dominated by American, French and British publishers and their texts reflect their countries and national biases. For the less populous regions of Canada there has been the additional concern that most available Canadian texts concentrate on Ontario.

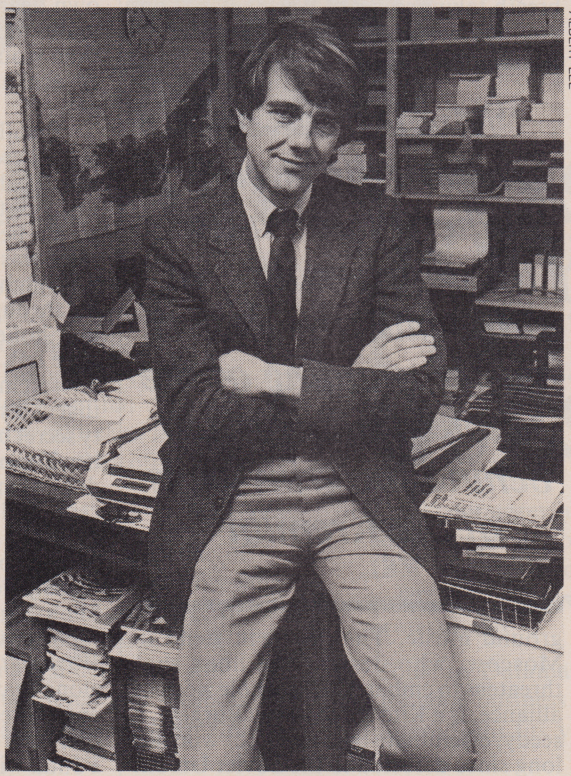
For the Maritimes, at least, the problem is being addressed with the development of a homegrown Maritime Studies textbook for a new junior high school program of the same name. The text is being developed and published by an amalgam of three Maritime publishing houses and one printer. Formac of Halifax, Les Editions d'Acadie of Moncton, Ragweed Press of Charlottetown and printer Barnes Hopkins of Saint John make up Maritext Limited, with Formac holding the majority of shares.

The traditional lack of local content was one thing. Even more galling to many is the fact that when the region is mentioned in come-from-away textbooks now available to Maritime schools, there are often inaccuracies and glaring omissions.

The Maritext project got one of its first boosts when a Maritime educator pointed out a few such shortcomings back in 1980. English professor Michael J. MacDonald of Mount Allison University, speaking before an audience which included the three Maritime premiers, pointed to an elementary science text used in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland in which a map of "North America" didn't include Canada and a story on flags in an elementary reader which included no reference to the Canadian flag.

MacDonald wasn't the only one concerned. Paul Robinson of Halifax, who along with MacDonald is active with the Canadian Learning Materials Centre at Dalhousie University, has been lobbying for years in favor of homegrown texts. Just after MacDonald's speech, a study conducted for the Council of Maritime Premiers pushed it in the same direction.

The three premiers and ministers of education agreed in 1981 to co-operate on education projects to the tune of $1.25 million over four years. Costs would be shared fifty-fifty by the Council of Maritime Premiers and the departments of education. Forty projects on everything from an account of the use and production of energy in the Maritimes to a five-part video series on the history of Acadia are now in various stages of progress. Then, in November of 1982, the Maritime Provincial Education Foundation was established. Its two prime raisons d'etre were to enhance the feeling of co-operation between the provinces and to enable the private sector and government to pool their resources in the production of educational materials. It was in April, 1983, that the ministers of education proposed a Maritime studies course. The premiers endorsed the proposals and tenders were called for the English edition.



ALBERT LEE

Publisher James Lorimer: keeping the money here

The tender requirements were that at least two-thirds of the text be produced in the Maritimes and that it be contemporary (post World War Two), also, the subject matter was to be diverse, reflecting all aspects of Maritime life: economics, industry, history, culture, politics, transportation, geography, business, and the contemporary and emerging issues of society in the Maritimes.

The contract for the English textbook was awarded to Maritext last spring, and Publisher James Lorimer says work on it has been going at full steam ever since. A sample chapter will be going into nine test classes in the region — the sites will be chosen by the Education Foundation, which is also picking the writers. The testing will take place in the 1985-86 school year.

The research is revealing dissatisfaction with existing textbooks on a number of points. "We've heard complaints of little representation of groups like blacks, native people, the labor movement . . . we have resource people from the communities, in transportation, from the New Brunswick Advisory Council on the Status of Women . . . I know we'll hear from others and we want to," says Lorimer. "Extremely competitive" is the most either the buyer or the publisher will say about the price tag. This is so, Lorimer adds, "especially when you consider the value of the local content to students and the fact that there's $15 million spent here annually on texts . . . wafting its way to Toronto. This is the first attempt to keep the money here."

Newfoundland is not part of the project. But that province apparently has more local content in the schools than the Maritimes. That province buys a lot of books locally, from such publishers as Breakwater Books Ltd. (which submitted an unsuccessful tender for the Maritime Studies book); H.A. Cuff Publishers, Jesperson Printing, Robinson Blackmore Publishing and former premier Joey Smallwood's Newfoundland Book Publishers. Robert Parsons, information officer with the Newfoundland education department, says the department uses local writers whenever possible, and always has. "I finished school in 1968 and back in Grade 5, I remember, our geography was written by Dr. Summers. (Dr. W.P. Summers of the department of geography at Memorial University of Newfoundland.) Local people are used as much as possible because they have the knowledge and expertise about the region. Also we want to support local publishers."

Meanwhile, tenders for the French edition of the textbook have been called. Everyone at Maritext is hard at work, straining against deadlines that require a book to be delivered in April, 1987, for use in Grade 9 classes in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia and in Grade 10 classes in New Brunswick beginning the fall of 1987.

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Through December — *Fredericton: The Celestial City*: Photographs, maps, artifacts and documents portraying Fredericton as it was during its centennial year in 1885. This exhibit is sponsored jointly by the bicentennial office of the City of Fredericton and the National Exhibition Centre. To be held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Dec. 1-16 — Theatre New Brunswick presents *Scrooge*: Dec. 1, 3 & 4 in Moncton; Dec. 5 in Sussex; Dec. 6 & 7 in Saint John; Dec. 8 in St. Stephen; Dec. 11-16 in Fredericton

Dec. 4-24 — Exhibit of paintings by David McKay of Fredericton, City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

To Dec. 16 — "Mixed Media & Collage" by Toby Graser: Exhibition. Explorations Gallery, Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

NOVA SCOTIA

Through December — Geoff Butler: Travelling exhibition of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Macdonald Museum, Middleton

Dec. 1 — Christmas Craft Sale, Lions Club Hall, Barrington

To Dec. 2 — Glooscap Country Bazaar: Handcrafts, home-baking, woodwork, quilts, plants, books, etc., Economy

Dec. 4-8 — Painting students exhibition, Gallery II; Sculpture students exhibition, Gallery III, Anna Leonowens Gallery, Halifax

Dec. 8 — Christmas Parade: Downtown Dartmouth celebrates the holiday season with a Santa Claus parade, Dartmouth

Dec. 8-9 — Christmas Extravaganza: A pot-pourri of antiques dealers, craft people, yard sale sellers, and general merchants. This is the largest show of its kind in Atlantic Canada, World Trade and Convention Centre, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Through December — New Scottish Prints. Exhibit of 54 etchings, lithographs, screen-prints and mixed-media prints featuring 18 artists working in Scotland; shown by the National Museum of Canada International Programme. Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Dec. 7 & 8 — "Olde Fashioned Christmas": An evening of traditional Christmas music, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Dec. 9 — Handel's "Messiah": Includes Confederation Centre singers, soloists and the Prince Edward Island Symphony Orchestra. The event is directed by Gwilym Bevan, music director for the Confederation Centre. To be held at the Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Dec. 13-Jan. 6 — Christmas at Eptek. An exhibition of toys from the past, produced by Eptek Centre, a perennial favorite. Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Dec. 15 — "Sing Noel": Features the Confederation Centre Boys and Girls Choirs directed by Gwilym Bevan, as well as Island Brass. An evening of traditional Christmas music, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Dec. 16 — Prince Edward Island Symphony Orchestra Annual Christmas Concert, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

NEWFOUNDLAND

Dec. 1 & 2 — "A Gift to Last" by Gordon Pinsent, performed by the Rising Tide Theatre Group, Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 3 & 4 — Newfoundland Teachers Association Music Council Concert, Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 4 — Newfoundland Dance Theatre and Nova Dance Theatre of Halifax

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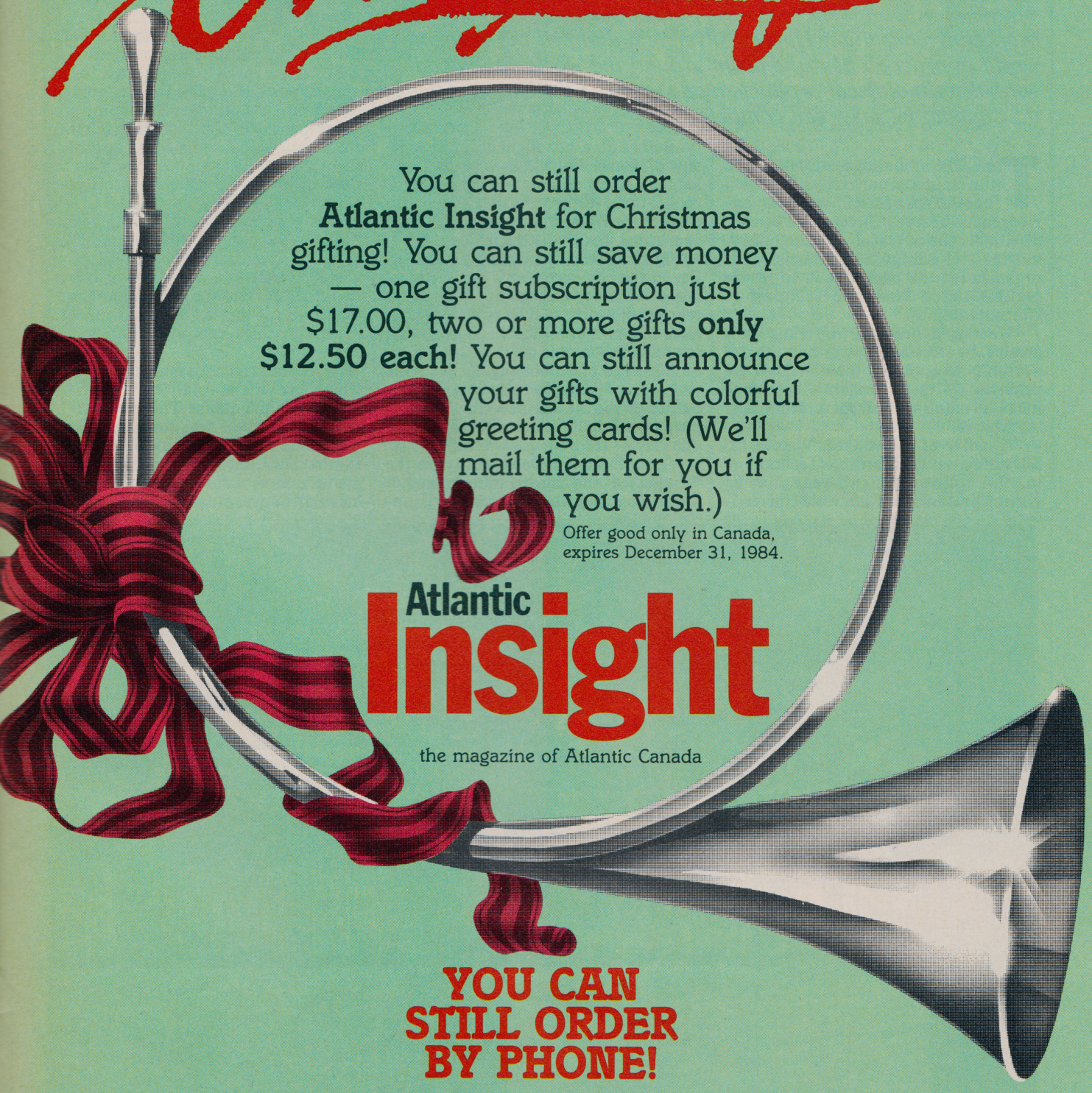

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Former American prof pushes region's "first-class" exports

Marketing consultant Harvey Silverstein dumped the academic world in order to beat the drum around the world for the advanced technological products made on the East Coast. Atlantic Canada, he says, can compete

by Brent King

The cliché of the academic frustrated with cloistered university life doesn't faze ex-professor turned entrepreneur Harvey Silverstein. At 38, after a decade of teaching ocean policy, marine technology and international organization, he packed it in to set up Halifax-based Maritime Technology Consultants Ltd.

He started the venture by choice, not chance, he stresses. It gives him the opportunity to apply the theoretical to the practical — in Silverstein's case that means promoting East Coast technology worldwide.

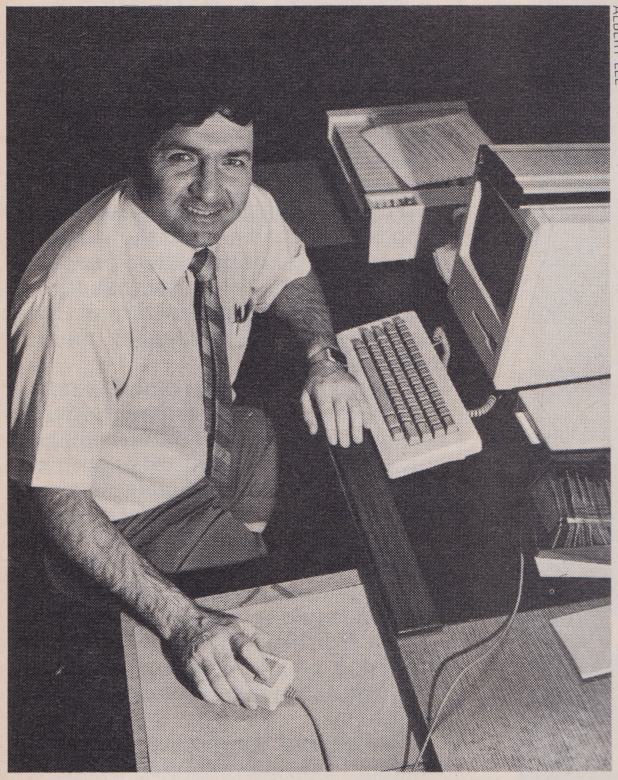
A native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Silverstein set up Maritime Technology in 1981 following a two-year stint as visiting professor at Dalhousie University. Before that, he taught at the University of South Carolina. Surprised colleagues either thought he was off his rocker to leave a secure, guaranteed job, or they professed they wanted to do something similar — some day.

True, his wood-panelled basement office in the city core seems a comedown from the ivory tower, but he has no regrets. Nowadays, Silverstein looks at local technology in the broader global social and economic perspective, "combining the results of the engineer with the problems of the diplomat and politician, particularly in the marine sector." Simply put, he finds additional uses — and markets — for homegrown technology.

So, although his consulting on the "assessment and transfer of technology" sounds textbookish, Silverstein's approach is not. Short-sleeved and informal, he says, "I find there are people in the Maritimes making first-rate, world class products." But, he adds, they just manufacture for local markets and don't realize the value of what they're doing. "They can compete on a national and international basis."

As proof of the pronouncement, Silverstein passes over a client list. CABCO Research Ltd., Halifax, for example, makes specialized cables, connectors and components for computer manufacturers. "I helped them tell their story, analyse the markets, approach them (prospects), and put forward what they do in the most lucid and effective way." Now, he says, CABCO is establishing its products all across Canada. The company also promoted its products at a marine show in Brighton, U.K. Silverstein sees CABCO as typical of dozens of firms throughout the Atlantic Provinces that could benefit from a marketing consultant with international connections.

Prospective client companies are those which provide specialized, not mass-produced, products. They tend to be small, Silverstein says, and innovative with a strong technology base. Orion Electronics Ltd., of Saulnierville, N.S., manufactures radio tracking devices for locating buoys, floating oil slicks, and



ALBERT LEE

Harvey Silverstein matches innovators and markets

mobile equipment. Its equipment is sold in Korea, North Africa, the U.S. and the United Kingdom. Orion President Hugh Roddis is "a brilliant innovator and a fantastic engineer but needed help in marketing," Silverstein says. Then there's Halifax-based Lobsiger Associates Ltd. which makes precision underwater cameras that take high resolution pictures. It exhibited last year in Washington, D.C. Crown corporation Maritime Resource Management Service Inc., (MRMS) Amherst, N.S., specializes in resource mapping for agriculture, forestry, mining and so on. Silverstein approached the United Nations Secretariat, the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank to sound out potential for MRMS's service. So far, there's been a contract to map the Caribbean fishery, and more proposals are under consideration. Maritime Technology designed a slick, coil-bound brochure with text in Arabic, Spanish, French and English.

These successes have Silverstein thinking of bigger fish from the deeper pool: down the road he would like to approach firms such as St. John's-based Newfoundland Oceans Research and Development Corporation Ltd. (NORDCO) and Hermes Electronics Ltd. of Dartmouth.

Here, his feel for technological potential is mixed with the diplomacy that keeps him plugged in to contacts in Washington, New York, Houston, Geneva, Vienna, Hanover and other centres. Asked if larger organizations have competent international marketing, he answers innocuously, "Let's just say a lot more potential exists than is being taken advantage of." Larger companies think they can do it all themselves, he says, while smaller ones don't understand how to relate to consultants and what they can do for a company. What does a client get for $650 a day from Maritime Technology? Silverstein says his company taps governments, whether provincial, federal or foreign, for information and potential applications. As well, it's tied in to computerized data bases — through a microcomputer and a telephone hookup — and knows how to collect marketing information and how to use it.

Silverstein's clientele ranges from firms which make mechanical devices such as fish-baiting machines to those in advanced micro-electronics. Usually, they're run by scientists or engineers with strong technological training but without any formal background in market research. But he doesn't limit himself to dealing with companies making "high-tech" products. In fact, he says, he finds the term "intellectually repugnant." The high-tech label is too limiting since it's normally restricted to breakthroughs with micro-electronic chips whereas new plastic or rubber compounds could be just as valuable. "High-tech doesn't connote high ability," he states.

Indeed, his basement office is low key. Other than an artist's rendering of a proposed underwater surveillance platform and a poster of a jet cockpit's instrument panel, it's pretty much conventional.

Silverstein got off to his present pursuits in the late 1960s when troubles with calculus professors in engineering prompted him to switch to the social sciences. It turns out that he was something of a curriculum trail blazer — he put together his own courses at the University of Denver's Graduate School of International Studies. He earned masters and doctorate degrees in science, technology and international affairs.

Silverstein's four-person firm has seen gross revenues more than double in three years. While he won't give any figures, he will say he's made a profit two years out of three. "The recession hit a week after we hung up our shingle but we've weathered it." Across the street, a painted mural of masted vessels docked near cargoes of barrels and trunks depicts the port during its trading heydey. And, nearby, Silverstein is ensconced in his "subterranean suite" promoting the 20th-century wares of the region.

Christmas lasts forever for Carmen Fairley

This Nova Scotia businesswoman finds success by blending the flavor of Christmas fantasy with good will and hard work year round

by Brent King

Bah humbug is not a phrase in Carmen Fairley's vocabulary. Nor is it likely to come from the four elves manning her Shop of the Christmas Elves, in the Brewery Market in downtown Halifax. Their holiday spirit blends in with the shop's permanent yuletide setting — all year round.

Fairley's merchandising of local handcrafts, gift items and Christmas ornaments, without ever taking down the tree, is a novel concept for the city, but not for Fairley. She's been running a similar

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operation in Yarmouth, N.S., for the past seven years. In fact, her business strategy — which also fulfills her dream of owning a shop — has been successful enough to consider opening a third store, possibly in Cape Breton.

For now, though, Fairley is planning to open her log cabin-motif shop as many days of the year as permitted. She can't open on Sundays, but on Fridays and Saturdays she plans to open at 8 a.m. to catch the early birds at the farmers' market downstairs.

She would open every day of the week if allowed. "Tourists complain there's nothing to do on Sunday in Halifax," Fairley says. She's permitted to open her doors in Yarmouth on Sundays, a high traffic day, because she sells craft items.

Long hours are nothing new for the Mrs. Claus candidate. In Yarmouth, Christmas Elves is open bright and early for tourists taking the ferries to Bar Harbour or Portland, Maine. "I'm used to working 8 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.," Fairley says, "and then taking a load of paperwork home."

Fairley says she likes to involve the children in the store. "We plan to use some hand puppets in the window — I have to practise a lot. I would like to go to the point where someone will call up and say 'I'm bringing my little Johnnie in so would you wish him a happy birthday?' "

The flavor of fantasy will be spiced up with the help of a peep hole, an elves' door and "attention all elves" messages. As well, there'll be behind-the-scene (but audible) scoldings of naughty elf, the little helper with the squeaky voice.

Fairley's good will carries over outside of the shop; in the corridor she gabs to passersby during smoke breaks; and on occasion she sends out carefully-worded, personalized letters to children who need a bit of encouragement.

Fairley looks up at the white air conditioning pipes and explains how they're being converted into delivery chutes for gifts — "to give the idea that the elves are up there working and dropping them down." Glassware, for example, comes out of the duct labelled "ice crystal chute."

Christmas Elves stocks several thousand items including handcrafts — quilts, sweaters, mittens, wooden chests, plaques, belts, watchstraps — Christmas decorations, cards, paper goods, silk-polyester flowers and... The list would scare off Rudolph.

"We have tremendous amounts of stock," Fairley says, within reach of cardboard cartons and smaller boxes of merchandise. "We have policies regarding its pricing, care and handling." And, while the price markup is conventional, the actual presentation of the product is not.

"It's taken us eight years to sit down, study and observe these things. It's not a marketing secret, we just don't want to broadcast it."

What she will disclose, though, are her policies of changing around displays, and of asking customers the sorts of things they would like to see carried. Then she tries to oblige. Take the Yarmouth newspaper ad Fairley ran inviting suggestions. The result? Christmas Elves got into sidelines of cake decorating and candymaking paraphernalia. Wish lists aren't just for kids.

She mixes her goods to match her customers, of all ages. "I try to capture the youth, the younger person and the adult so I have to go to six to eight companies to get a good mix." It's an everything-to-everybody strategy. It starts with kids who can fork over for stocking stuffers, gimmicks and puzzles. It then moves upscale along with customers' buying power, to adults willing to spend $300 for a 36-inch papier-mâché-and-fabric Santa and Mrs. Claus, or $450 for a special solid wood nutcracker. But, Fairley stresses, you can still buy something for under a dollar.

Whatever the price, Fairley's concern is to make customers feel they are getting value, although not necessarily a steal. "I don't want you to think we're a discount, discount, discount house," she says, driving the point. "We shop very carefully for something that sells for $5 and looks like $10."

Collectors' and connoisseurs' tastes alike are met, whether by the 89-cent miniature plastic frog (with Santa cap) or the $100 wooden pyramid which rotates under candle power. Even the odd prize display piece goes for a price.

Some of the stuff is hard to come by, even with a network of suppliers and importers (all Canadian right now). Some comes to her. Recently, she's had craftsmen bring in ornaments made of beaten brass, felt needle cases in the shapes of grapes and strawberries, and model lobster pots.

Merchandise is swapped back and forth — sometimes unintentionally — between Halifax and Yarmouth. Says Fairley, "There's always a mixup with stock and invoicing." That problem could go the way of the one-horse open sleigh with the introduction of a perpetual inventory system.

Fairley, a Massachussets native, intends to take out Canadian citizenship. Her commitment to the province dates back to summer vacations spent here during the 1970s. These days, she lives in a summer place in Hubbards, west of Halifax, and retains her principal residence (which also houses the shop) in Yarmouth.

Alexander Keith's brewery restoration, with its stone walls, rafters and cobbled courtyard, seems to have anticipated Christmas Elves. Decked out in red and green, the doorways, like the Christmas Elves, convey a festive mood. So, nowadays, the historic building founded on "strong ales, porter, ginger wine and table and spruce beers" fosters another kind of spirit.

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"Dead cats don't mew": The tale of a vicious pirate

The pirates that plied the seas off Atlantic Canada in the 17th and 18th centuries were basically sailors of private navies. Between wars they were out of work, so they plundered. The peace that came between France and England with the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 unleashed a particularly intense period of lawlessness on the high seas that become known as the "Golden Age of Piracy." In Pirates and Outlaws of Canada, 1610-1932, *a new book published by Doubleday Canada Ltd., authors Harold Horwood and Ed Butts tell of a particularly vicious pirate of this period and his equally vicious wife*

by Harold Horwood and Ed Butts

Among the many pirates who swarmed over the Canadian seas in the so-called Golden Age, none was more vicious than Eric Cobham, unless it was his wife and partner in piracy, Maria Lindsey. It seems that they killed for sport, followed a policy of leaving no survivors to bear evidence, and, according to Cobham's own account, managed to get away with piracies spread over a period of twenty years.

The Cobhams' favourite base was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, although they occasionally raided farther south. According to tradition, their fort and careenage was in St. George's Bay on the west coast of Newfoundland, at a place called Sandy Point. There, early in the eighteenth century, they were safe from detection except by occasional French or Basque crews of fishermen and a few Indians and French colonists who had strayed northward from the colony of Acadia.

Eric Cobham was born in Poole, one of the Channel ports of England, and went to sea as a boy. He may well have been engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries at the age of fourteen or fifteen, but by his late teens he was a member of a smuggling gang running brandy from France to England. One operation that he took part in was reported to have landed ten thousand gallons of spirits successfully.

At about the age of nineteen or twenty he was caught, flogged, and sent to Newgate prison, where he spent some two years. On his release he got a job working at an inn in Oxford. There he succeeded in robbing one of the wealthy transients of a bag of gold coins. The innocent innkeeper was hanged for the theft, while Cobham moved south to Plymouth and bought a small ship.

Like many ships of her time, the vessel was armed. Cobham recruited a crew of desperadoes from the docks, probably many of them his former associates in the smuggling trade, and set off on a career of piracy.

Rounding The Lizard and heading northward to see what pickings might be found in the Irish Sea, they ran into a great stroke of luck — an East Indiaman heading up the channel toward Bristol, carrying cargo worth forty thousand pounds, some of it in gold. Most pirates would have retired on the spot. Not Cobham. He scuttled the ship and drowned the crew, showing already the ruthlessness

that marked his later career. Then he headed for the French Mediterranean ports to establish contacts with pirate brokers. There he sold his stolen goods and returned to Plymouth as a successful soldier of fortune.

In Plymouth he met Maria Lindsey and formed with her a partnership that lasted the rest of their lives. There is no record of their ever being churched, but they were certainly wedded. Shortly after they met, they enlisted a fresh crew of renegades and sailed for the New World.

They made landfall at Nantucket and captured their first trans-Atlantic prize there. Then they cruised northward until they found their way past the tip of Cape Breton Island and discovered the supply route to Quebec where money going upriver and furs coming downriver provided a rich killing ground virtually untouched by other pirates.

The harbour that they chose for their careenage was far enough north of the shipping lanes to be safe from accidental discovery. The great walrus hunts that had reddened the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence a hundred and two hundred years before were now over. South of the Straits of Belle Isle the walrus was almost extinct, and except for the trade route that ran past the island of Cape Breton and the Percé Rock to Tadoussac and Quebec, the Gulf lay quiet. No one was likely to follow them into Sandy Point, or if he did, to find his way safely past the mass of shoals that guarded it from the sea. The long sand pit that curves around Flat Bay just south of St. George's great closed barachois would later become the "capital" of western Newfoundland, an important naval base and a centre for the Gulf and Labrador fisheries, but all this was far in the future.

From St. George's Bay the pirates could reach their favourite theatre of operations around Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island (then called the Isle of St. John or Isle St. Jean) in two days' sail. They were within striking distance of all the traffic going to what are now the Maritime Provinces of Canada and all the St. Lawrence traffic in and out of New France, most of which now moved through Cabot Strait, although some still moved by way of the Straits of Belle Isle.

At that time the Canadian fur trade was immensely valuable, and the price of the individual furs was rising. Certain varieties, then or a little later, were literally worth their weight in gold. The trade had been subject, from its inception more than two centuries before, to hijacking.

The Cobhams merely refined this art and added their own brand of ruthlessness. Everything that they captured, they sold in the Mediterranean ports, but rather than risking frequent Atlantic crossing themselves, they probably shipped their loot second-hand by way of traders who picked up cargoes at Percé. It was said that at Percé, in season, you could buy or sell anything from beaver pelts to crown jewels.

Cobham later boasted that he had operated for twenty years without ever being caught, but this probably included the later years of respectability up to his last *coup* in the English Channel. He attributed this good fortune to his policy of leaving no survivors. "Dead cats don't mew," the pirates used to say, but few pirates of the eighteenth century could bring themselves to operate with the Cobhams' thoroughness. Not until a hundred years later did piracy usually include massacre. The Cobhams murdered all hands and

sank the ships which were then listed as missing, without survivors, and presumed lost at sea.

The stories of Maria Lindsey's behaviour as a pirate strongly suggest homicidal insanity. She poisoned one ship's crew, had others sewn into sacks and thrown overboard alive, still others tied up and used for pistol practice. Such are the stories later told by her husband, uncorroborated by witnesses, but quite possibly true.

When the Cobhams judged that their wealth had grown sufficiently, they sailed for France, disposed of their final ships and cargoes, and bought a fine estate near Le Havre from the Duc de Chartres. They also bought a yacht in which they sailed on the Baie de la Seine and along the French shore of the English Channel.

They now had a private harbour, servants, and a respectable place among the landed gentry. But even then Cobham could not resist temptation when it fell his way. On one cruise he found a brig becalmed in the channel, inward bound from the West Indies to England, and apparently defenceless. Stealing on board, he and his servants took the crew by surprise, overpowered them, murdered them, and dumped them in the sea. He then sent both ship and cargo to Bordeaux to be sold.

Cobham, wealthy squire and landowner, pillar of respectability, was appointed magistrate, a judge in the French county courts, a position that he held for twelve years. But he and Maria gradually became estranged. He took to almost public wenching. She took to alcohol often laced with laudanum. While he made a reputation for himself as a lover, she became more withdrawn and solitary.

Then, one day, she was missing. Her husband reported it and instigated a search, and after two days her body was found in the sea below a cliff. A doctor certified that she had taken enough laudanum to kill herself, and she was assumed to have leaped over the cliff as insurance against failure in suicide. This seems probable because Cobham, when he later confessed to everything else, did not include Maria's murder among his many crimes.

He died a natural death. When his end was near, he called a priest and made a lengthy confession, had the story of his life committed to writing, and asked that it be published.

His wishes were carried out, and the priest saw that the little book dictated by the ex-pirate was published, but Cobham's heirs, by now a respectable family, tried to suppress it, buying and burning every available copy. One somewhat defective copy found its way into the French archives, and this is the only primary source on Cobham. But he also had his biographer, who supplied other details, presumably from people who knew the pirate in his early or late career and possibly from some who served under him in the days when he hovered, a veritable angel of death, beside the supply line that ran between France and Canada.

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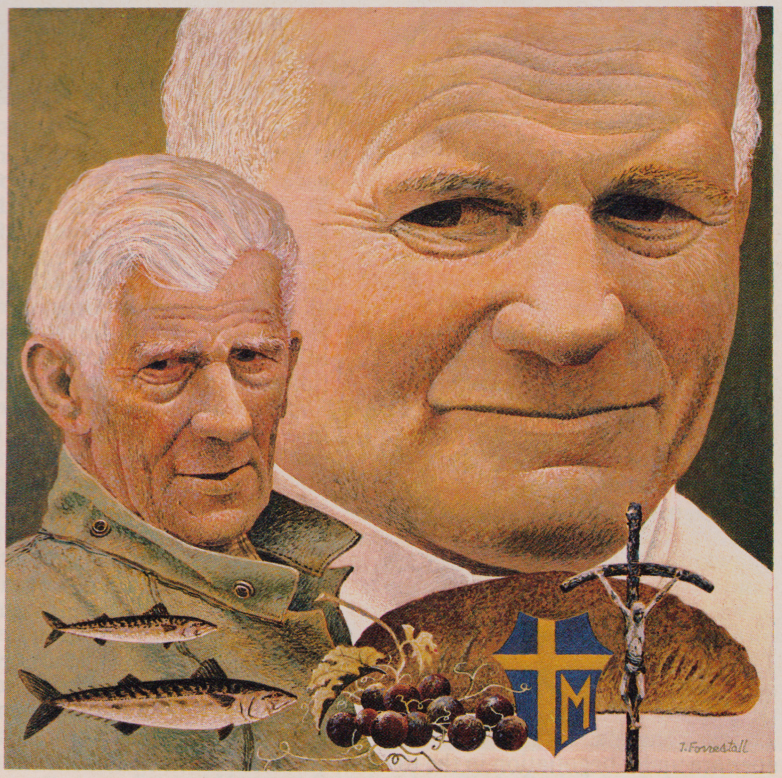

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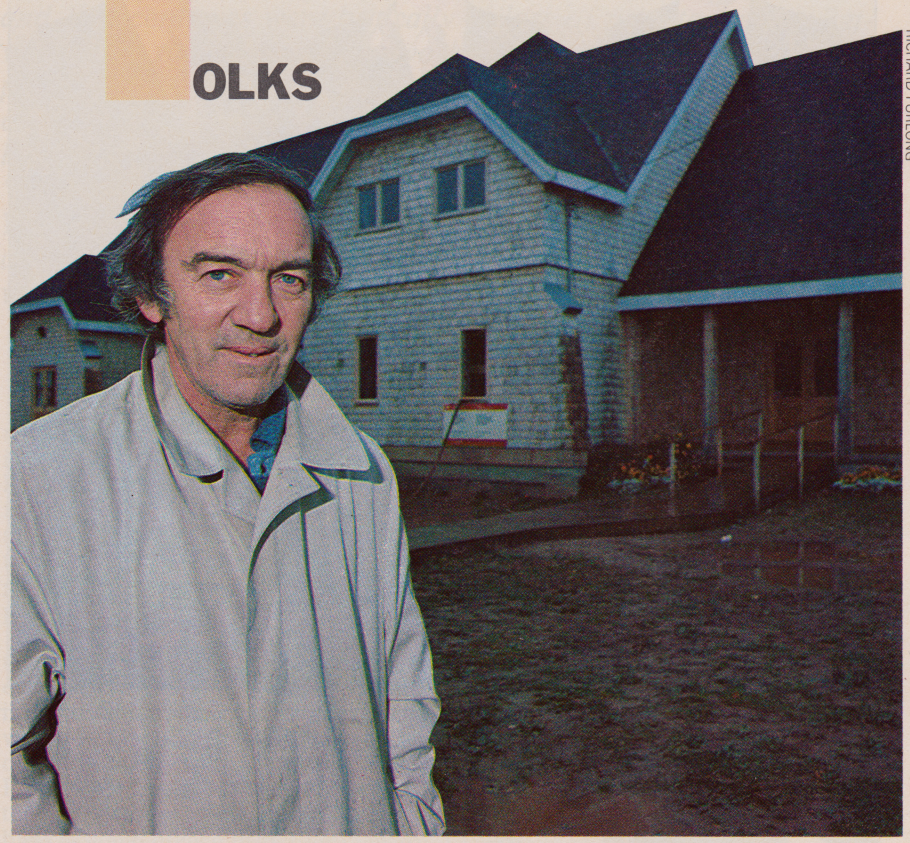


Mayor Charlie Martell set a demanding precedent in Georgetown, P.E.I.

RICHARD FURLONG

An offhand remark on an open-line radio show two years ago by Georgetown, P.E.I., Mayor **Charlie Martell** about total lack of demand for town-owned property may have started something that will help lift the town of 750 out of economic stagnation. After Martell informed a caller on the radio show that "we can't even give it away," he came up with a plan, approved by town council, to offer free lots to people who moved there to build new homes. The novel approach soon gained national attention, and queries came in from all over North America, particularly New England, Ontario, and from as far away as Yellowknife, N.W.T. At last count, more than 100 serious enquiries had arrived at Georgetown. The deal is simple: the town will provide a full-sized building lot, free of charge, if the recipient will take up residence in Georgetown and construct a home on the lot. Already, one new home is under construction and half a dozen more are under negotiation in the town-owned residential area that contains 35 building lots. Martell, 45, is stepping down this month after four years in the mayor's office, plus four more as a town councillor, to spend more time with his family. His term as mayor has been particularly demanding due to a series of disasters: the closing of Georgetown Seafoods, the town's major industry and employer; and destruction by fire of the venerable King's Theatre and the main government wharf that handled almost all traffic on the busy Georgetown waterfront. Martell, not the type to sit in his office and brood about the town's misfortunes, has worked hard to get it back on its feet. He has been a high-profile lobbyist for outside help, although his efforts to get government moving on the seafood plant have not had any real sign of success. He pitched in with a group of community workers to rebuild King's Theatre, and the show went on in the 1984 season in spite of the fact that the building was not finished. And Martell's catchy land-giveaway plan to attract new residents and broaden the town's tax base is starting to pay dividends. The mayor's job in most small towns like Georgetown may be routine, with a few ribbon-cutting ceremonies to attend between meetings, but Martell has been on the run six days a week for four years, dealing with a steady round of problems, and the people of Georgetown feel he has established a demanding precedent for his successor in office.

Not all ex-Atlantic Symphony musicians are struggling to put food on their tables. Just look at former lead clarinetist **Christopher Wilcox** of Halifax. As the newly appointed general manager of the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, he's on his third career. "The big challenge," he says, "is to unify the community and make sure a responsible board of directors contributes to the symphony." But Wilcox's biggest challenge will probably be tackling the symphony's $60,000 debt. For this, Wilcox is eminently qualified. For four years, he's been and continues to be the artistic and managing director of the Scotia Festival of Music, based in Halifax, a project that had fallen into debt to the tune of $40,000. Now, he expects to clear that debt by Christmas. With all his far-flung responsibilities, will Wilcox be able to keep his head screwed on? "I don't know yet," he says. "The Scotia Festival is such a peachy organization. It runs so smoothly and the music is great. I'd never give it up." In fact, he probably won't have to. His three-year contract with the symphony allows him to spend a third of his time in Halifax. The Newfoundland Symphony is a semi-professional orchestra with a main series of six concerts. The most difficult thing in running an arts organization, Wilcox says, is to get the support of the community. And while the symphony sports a 40-member board and an active musicians guild, it has never been able to master essential fund-raising techniques. "The problem is people don't have a lot of money to give anymore. You have to give people something for their donations. Subscriptions are the key to a healthy organization."

You can't make sandwiches with **Joan Aldridge**'s bread, but if you attend a Roman Catholic church in mainland Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, chances are you eat it every Sunday. Aldridge and her two employees make communion breads. In fact, A.B. Company, which operates out of the tiny basement of the Credit Union on Queen Street in Dartmouth, produces over two million of the disc-shaped breads every year. Explaining to people what she does for a living can be quite a conversation stopper, says Aldridge. "Nobody ever thinks about where the bread actually comes from." Aldridge arrives at her business at 7 a.m. five mornings a week to warm up the equipment. The three bakers, which resemble small presses, are ready half an hour later. A mixture of flour and water is ladled onto each of them and 75 pounds of even pressure is applied. The result is a stiff, square sheet from which 84 hosts about the size of 50-cent pieces are cut. Aldridge got into her unusual business almost by accident after the late Monsignor Gerald Murphy suggested it to her during a parish visit 12 years ago. "An order of cloistered nuns in Halifax, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, were making the bread," explains Aldridge. "When they couldn't continue, I got a

special dispensation to allow me to be trained by the Sisters of the Cross and spent Saturday mornings with them for three months before starting out on my own." But the equipment Aldridge purchased was second-hand and is now constantly in need of repair. She is toying with the idea of getting an automatic baker that would streamline her whole operation. Even so, "it's not the sort of business to get into if you want to make a huge profit," says Aldridge. But there are rewards. Aldridge's company produced 358,000 hosts for the papal masses in St. John's and Halifax. Most were donated. For the mass in St. John's, a special large host was made. Aldridge watched on television as Pope John Paul II held it in the air during the service. "It made me feel very proud," she said.

ALBERT LEE

Joan Aldridge: proud of papal host

Cabbage Patch Kids may have been the big seller for Christmas 1983, but there is at least one person in Charlottetown who is hoping that the newest doll fad will be the Tolspatch doll. **Bea Humphrey** first heard of the doll through the monthly newsletter she receives from the Doll Club in Toronto. Billed by their German manufacturers as "Zapf's answer to the Cabbage Patch," the dolls are 19 3/4 inches in height with soft bodies, vinyl limbs, eyes that close and realistic hair. They are available in a choice of blonde, redhead or brunette, both girls and boys, with about 10 different costumes from which to choose. There is a doll for every little girl and doll lover, from the baby doll in sleepers to one in a jogging outfit to a little sailor boy. Humphrey's involvement with the Tolspatch doll began when she ordered one for her daughter, who had just gone to university in New Brunswick, and she became so captivated with the dolls herself that she decided to try selling them. She is now the only person in the Atlantic region selling the Tolspatch doll. Business is good. "Everyone is going crazy over them. People of all ages are buying them. I had one grandmother come to me and buy seven of them for each of her grandchildren," she says. In Toronto, the supplier's first 100 dolls were sold out within an hour and, by early October, Humphrey had already sold 27 of her own order of 100 dolls. The name *tolspatch* is German for "clumsy creature," but this has done nothing to deter doll collectors from shelling out anywhere from $40 to $100 for one of these unique dolls. At such prices, it is not surprising that Humphrey claims they have been dubbed "The Cadillac of Cabbage Patch Kids."

Father **Guard D'Astous** is an unorthodox clergyman with a dual vocation as pastor and painter. Tales trip over his tongue as quickly as the colorful folk art designs that decorate his parish church of Petite Rivière-de-L'ile flow from his brushes. He has been the pastor of this tiny community on the island of Lamèque in the northeast corner of New Brunswick for the past 18 years. Lacking the essential materials for an artist, but not the creative spirit, Father D'Astous began to paint the church back in 1969. It was just after the Vatican Council had issued an edict that churches should become more accessible, more joyful places. In keeping with this policy, Father D'Astous decided to brighten the sombre interior of Eglise Ste. Cecile. Aided by two creative young people, he began to paint the church. Starting at the back vestibule, they worked out their designs before tackling the church's interior. Inside, the church is aglow with color, the soft hues of green and blue awash in the afternoon sunlight streaming in from the windows. Tiny pink and yellow crosses representing good works rise heavenward. The ceiling symbolizes heaven and is dotted with balloons to signify that those who reach this final destination will have cause to celebrate. The lower half of the church is painted to represent granite, symbolizing the need for a firm foundation in Christ's Church. The windows have been decorated with angels and stars, the motifs taken from Christmas stencils. The people in the little community have a great affection for their church. Each summer it is the scene of several concerts in conjunction with the annual Festival de Musique Baroque de Lamèque. As word of the painted church spreads, more and more visitors have been attracted here. In the meantime, Father D'Astous has turned his artistic talents to the presbytery and garage where his paintings now greet passers-by. This folk artist priest loves the rural setting of his parish. Once his garden is in, and when the needs of his parishioners are not too pressing, Father D'Astous does most of his painting outside. He doesn't mind showing visitors around, only don't expect him to look much like a priest. He doesn't wear his philosophy of life, he paints it.

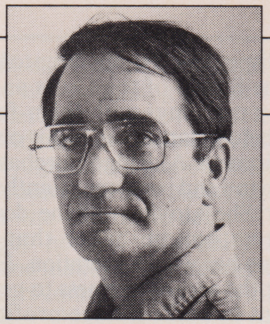
Retired trapper **Jim Saunders**, 75, of Davis Inlet, Labrador, says, "I've often thought to put my stories down for a magazine." Jim was 8 when his father, Freeman Saunders, left his home of Cartwright, Labrador, to take charge of the isolated Hudson's Bay trading post at Davis Inlet. Freeman liked Davis Inlet so much that he stayed on with his family after completing his four-year tour of duty. "I was 10 or 11 when I first went trapping with my father," says Saunders. "Along the coast everyone had their own trapping land. It didn't matter where you went inland, but heaven help you if you were caught trapping on another person's coastal territory!" The nearest family, the Gears, lived 15 miles north of the Saunders on Opatik Bay. Tom and Isabella Gear had an adopted daughter, Margaret, who often rowed the 15 miles down to the Saunders' store with her uncle. Margaret and Jim married in 1931. Margaret Saunders has her own fair share of stories. A native of Okak, she was one of the few to survive when the great Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918 swept through the community. All during the Depression, while Jim trapped out in the country, Margaret set her own traplines closer to home. They moved to Goose Bay in 1946, where Jim found work with the U.S. Air Force. After Jim retired in 1973, however, the Saunders soon moved back to Davis Inlet and their former activities. "You miss the food you were used to," says Margaret. "I often wonder if I should ever have left," says Jim. "I like this sort of life — trapping and fishing — it's my sort of life. That's why I returned to it."

PETER GARD

Jim and Margaret Saunders love life in Davis Inlet, Labrador

RAY GUY'S COLUMN

Driving around the twist: cars bad for mental health



Thrill of a lifetime," replied the young lad when a radio reporter asked how it felt to actually touch the Vicar of Christ, "and I also get my driver's licence tomorrow."

Alas, poor chap. His feet may be now planted more firmly upon the paths of righteousness but, on the other hand, he's launched himself down a mighty rocky road. The Pope may have secured his soul but I wouldn't give a Ford Pinto for his mental and physical health from now on.

Even if you do hang on to your limbs, cars can make you funny in the head. And if you get a screw loose, count on the garages to slacken it further. Then it's up to your fellow motorists to drive you around the twist altogether.

I'm often asked why I never did fulfil my original promise and potential and work my way up to, say, night watchman at a home for wayward girls in Moncton, N.B., instead of doing this for a living.

Being forced to sit in the Press Gallery of the Newfoundland legislature for four years is my explanation, plus cars.

Like most people, I started out on two wheels. My first bicycle taught me that mechanics was not a field in which I would shine. Skin peeled from my knuckles the instant I looked at a wrench and my all-purpose cure was to put a boot through the spokes.

Perhaps it's because I wasn't born into the automotive age. Where I come from it hadn't arrived when I came . . . if you follow. There was one horse and buggy and one Model A Ford which sat on blocks most of the time.

I was out of short pants when, in the late 1940s, the Dominion of Newfoundland decided that henceforth we should drive on the right side of the road instead of the left. It decreed that this abrupt change should come at one minute after midnight, January 1. Most drivers took the middle way, if they could still see it, and on New Year's Day the carnage was wonderful to behold.

By the time I got my first car there was still no paved road across the Island. But for a few years there was hectic construction. The main highway was a broad trail of rocks the size of a baby's head with giant billboards bearing the sacred vow: "We'll Finish the Drive in '65, Thanks to Mr. Pearson!"

On one 200-mile jaunt over this course I limped back to port after 18 flat tires, three holes in the radiator and a puncture in the gas tank that a cake of Sunlight soap, a woolen sock and the old school tie of a future Crown Prosecutor could scarcely staunch.

Finally came the pavement. That was universally welcomed but the nasty dictatorial signs that flanked it were not. Drivers stopped, two abreast, in 60 m.p.h. zones to chat through the windows. "Yield" was taken to mean "No Surrender!" and "Merge" was generally seen as yet another attempt by "them bloody Frenchmen trying to stuff their lingo down our throats."

It's much the same still. Those who've been to Greece, Mexico or Montreal think they're prepared for the rigors of Newfoundland roads. Many of them are shipped home either in bits or in straight jackets.

As to cars, I have sampled American, European and Japanese varieties. All of them came fully equipped with four wheels, two headlights and a malignant spirit. All must have been knocked together on Monday morning in a bourbon, vodka or sake daze from recycled pie pans.

The Japanese number had a hamster cage under the hood but, in that inscrutable Oriental fashion, bowed and scraped and smiled along with perfect manners until one frigid day in January, a day of infamy, it struck without warning.

At a roadside comfort stop (a scrubby black spruce, I think it was) I pulled on the hand brake and it came away in my hand from the roots. At the same moment, the back of the driver's seat snapped off and as I fell backwards my kneecap struck the key which broke off in the ignition.

Since my purchase, the dealership had changed hands three-and-a-half times. They sicced their parking lot dog on me. I crawled through the drifts to the sales rooms of a Swedish outfit.

You know the one. Its car is guaranteed to last longer than a quart bottle of Tabasco in a widow's pantry. Well, it lasted long enough with me for the Yuppie brigade to clasp it to its bosom.

With a captive and flush audience, the single agency in town saw fit to boost the cost of parts and repairs accordingly. One night some punks busted an air vent window the size of a folded pocket handkerchief. That alone set me back a month's salary so I took steps once again.

I decided against any more "foreign" models. What about, I reasoned, in the case of World War III with the world in flames and the relics of the human race gone back to caves, what chance then of getting a replacement distributor cap shipped to you across the Atlantic or the Pacific? It's only logical.

So, this time, I went for good old Yankee knowhow. The model I chose was shown on TV on the peak of one of the Sierra Nevada. By gracious, thought I, if that crate can make it up there it should be able to get me from one end of Water Street to the other.

Millions of dollars had been spent on the design, I was assured, and it had been tested over a simulated million miles through the modern magic of computers.

Well and good but two weeks after I bought the thing the engine dropped out of it. This did the rest of its guts no good at all and since then I've had three transmissions and suffered the indignity of having my rear end overhauled twice.

A few days ago as I was tooling along a piece of gravel road a sharp pain struck the bottom of my foot and paralyzed my leg to the hip or thereabouts.

I took it for that warning "tap on the shoulder," that first attack which says, correct your unhygenic habits, mend your wicked ways or you'll soon go to that great junk yard in the sky.

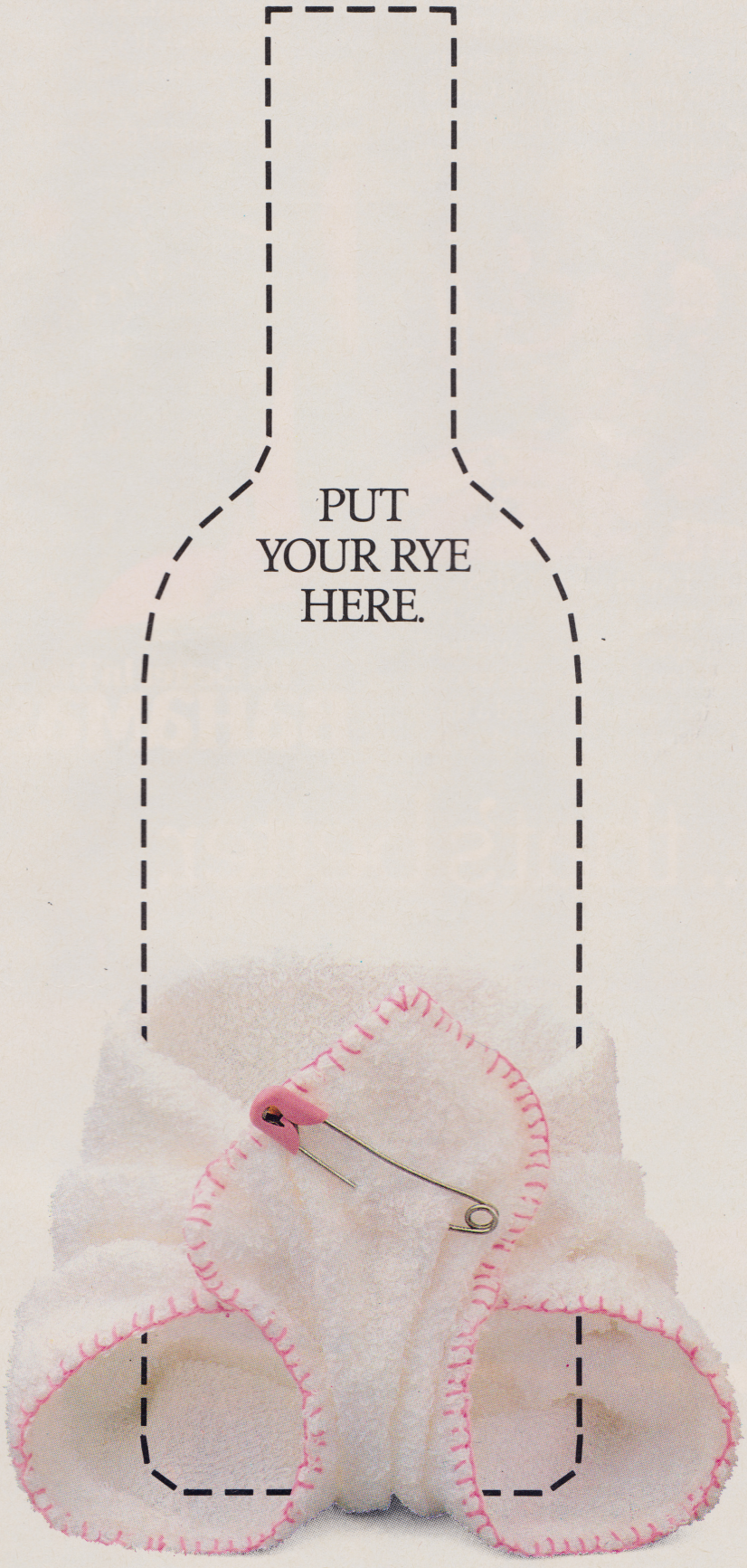
Properly shaken, I stopped, got out of my conveyance and sat down by a ditch to repent. Never again would I be harsh when the little ones took my last razor blade to give Papa Smurf a shave; never again would I plunder the pantyhose allowance of she who is sweetest and dearest to squander in the gin shops; never again would I wear a pair of socks longer than a fortnight.

It was then that I noticed there was no bottom left in that piece of U.S. technology. Rusted completely away. The only thing between feet and street was the carpet through which a flying rock had struck me.

Once again I'm limping around from one auto dealer to the other, many times bitten and a paranoid wreck. And once again they all greet me at the showroom doors, grinning like camel traders and wringing their hands in anticipation. They know one when they see one.

The only big change that I can see since the start of my motoring career is the names they put on some of these cars now . . . "Rebel," "Renegade," "Slut XK9," "Brute," "Brat" and so forth.

I guess it's meant to save you the trouble and is probably referred to in the jargon of these johnnies as an "owner convenience" feature.



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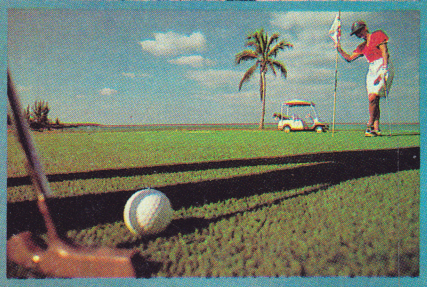

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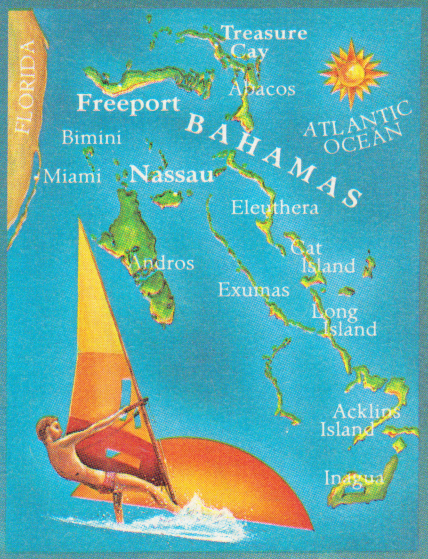

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